

In Bohemia

And Other Studies for Poems

MRS. T. STERRY HUNT

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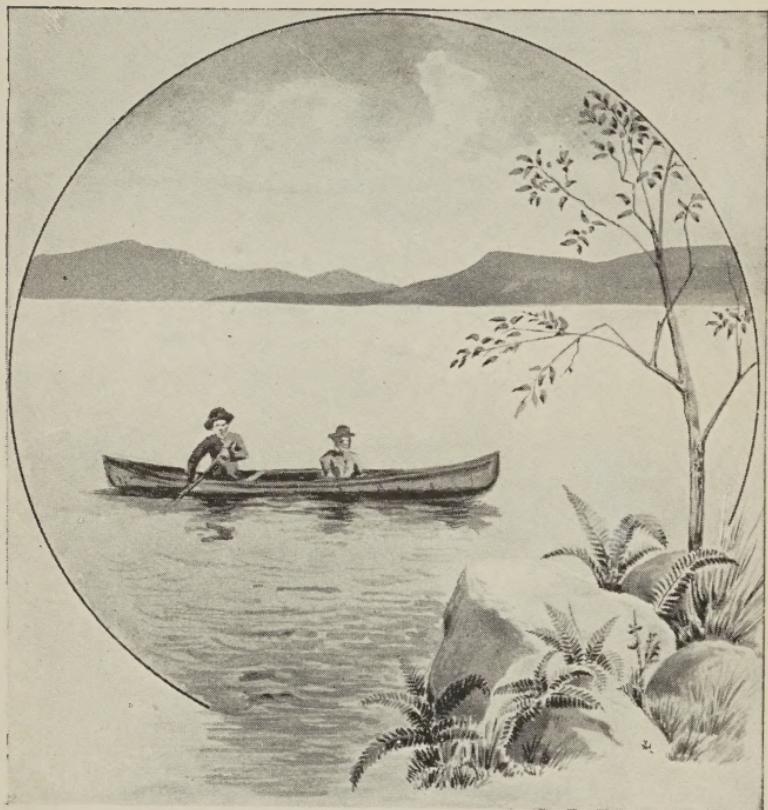
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IN BOHEMIA,
AND
OTHER STUDIES FOR POEMS.



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AND

OTHER STUDIES FOR POEMS

BY

MRS. T. STERRY HUNT

(“CANADIENNE”)

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BEIGEL
1888.



IN BOHEMIA
AND
OTHER STUDIES FOR POEMS

BY
MRS. T. STERRY HUNT
(“CANADIENNE”)

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1900

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TO
THE SWEET AND SACRED MEMORY OF
C——E
(Clarice),
1869—1883,
THIS BOOK IS
GRATEFULLY AND LOVINGLY
DEDICATED.

70471

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PRELUDE.

THE world is full of utterings ; speech
As breath is, to the soul ;
Each unto all, or all for each—
Their waves together roll.

And one more matters little ; then
Behold ! its breathings pass :
Another shade, in sight of men,
Flits over churchyard grass.

In Bohemia.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MISS FEODORE MEDWORTH, *who has seen trouble in her past life.*

JULIETTE DEANE, *her companion and friend.*

HELEN OSBORNE, *an old schoolmate and acquaintance of Feodore.*

LAING VINCENT, *a barrister and friend of Feodore.*

MISS WENTWORTH, *a guest.*

The scene is laid in the city of Mortville, in the Province of Quebec.

Time: from five to ten years ago.

IN BOHEMIA:
A DRAMATIC SKETCH OF THE PRESENT DAY.

“ When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
’Twill break your own to see”—
—BALFE’S “ BOHEMIAN GIRL.”

SCENE I.

FEODORE and JULIETTE meet after an interval of separation.

JUL. [Embracing her.] Ah, what a pleasure it is to meet again.

FEO. Is it not? I thought of you so often spending the pleasant June days with your father in his country parish. I could not be so selfish as to call you back sooner.

JUL. Thank you, dear. It was a pleasant little vacation time, but I, too, often visited you in my thoughts. How well you are looking.

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FEO. I am glad you think so. I feel well, indeed. I have had a true holiday time.

JUL. That is good news. Dear old Niagara! Somehow I thought you would enjoy it. I hope you had pleasant company.

FEO. [Blushing slightly.] Most pleasant—Mr. Laing Vincent and his two children.

JUL. [With a half-suppressed smile.] Ah, I see. And they made themselves agreeable?

FEO. Very much so, indeed. We were at the same hotel, so naturally saw a great deal of one another. The children got quite fond of me.

JUL. I don't doubt it.—[Aside.] And some one else did, too, or I am much mistaken.—[Aloud.] But joking apart, you do look wonderfully well—so much better than when I left you.

FEO. I am not surprised. Each day I spent there seemed to have its own store of brightness and interest, and to be like some lovely fairy tale. Ah, me! how full the cup of life can be at some periods; how empty at others.

JUL. You have expressed a truth, dear, we women know too well. But tell me some of your adventures—let me play some part in your story, if only as a listener.

FEO. I must tell you, then, that upon one occasion Mr. Vincent saved my life. We were on Goat Island—you know that lovely wild place. During our ram-

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bles I once got into a corner where I had a splendid view of the Falls, but which turned out to be a little too near to the terrible rush and swirl of the waters. After looking at this for some little time I began to feel quite giddy and might have fallen, but I suddenly felt an arm thrown around me, and myself lifted to a place of safety.

JUL. [With a triumphant smile.] It was Mr. Vincent, of course? I was sure of it when you began your story. Ah, me! I know how you felt just as though I had been there. And is that all you have to tell me?

FEO. [Opening her eyes.] Why, surely. Is not that enough, that he should have saved my life by his bravery and promptitude?

JUL. Ah, yes! that is all very well, but [*in an under voice*] I am sure there is more behind.—[Aloud.] At any rate he will take a special interest in you from this time forward. We always do when we have helped anyone along the rough road of life. Do you remember the child I found crying in the street one day, when I picked it up and took it home to its parents? Well, that child has been an object of interest to me ever since. I sometimes feel my feet turning of their own accord towards the inodorous back street where they lived, just to find how it is getting along. Feodore [*looking into her eyes*], do you know, I had quite made up my mind that you would

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come back from this trip engaged to Mr. Vincent. Are you sure you are not *now*?

FEO. Quite sure. It would be stupid of me to pretend ignorance of what you mean. I can only say, Juliette, that I am not one to make a bid for affection in any form. I have too much self-respect—pride, if you like—for that. The world just now is full of women far more attractive and brilliant than I, who are satisfied with a single life, or prefer it to the terrible lottery of marriage. If a quiet destiny awaits me, I think I shall accept it with calm content.

JUL. Ah, but I would like you to have the brightest destiny in the world, dear.

FEO. [Touched.] Thank you, dear. After all, there are few sweeter things than women's friendship, when it is genuine. But the difficulty is to get it so.

JUL. Ah, my dear, don't be sarcastic.

FEO. I am not sarcastic. It is wonderful how little women rely upon each other, and what a want of loyalty there is in their relations to each other. Ask a commonplace man about some commonplace acquaintance of his own sex and he will be careful not to utter a word to his discredit; ask a woman about someone she calls a dear friend, and if there be a trace of worry in her mind or pique in her temper at the moment, it is best not to investigate her words too closely. "Least said soonest mended."

JUL. [With an arch smile.] Ah, my dear! I would

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like to be a true and loyal friend to you so far as my powers allow.

FEO. [With tears in her eyes.] Thank you, Juliette, for those words. They embolden me to say something that has been in my thoughts but which I never brought to utterance before. You remember, Juliette, in the days I first met and loved you, you were a governess in the family of the Hon. C—— M——.

JUL. [With a surprised look.] Well?

FEO. There are so many sad influences in this world—so many that drag one down. In those days you attended a very High church, and I know that sometimes—for you have told me so—you went to so-called confession. Juliette, beware of the black cassock; it is one of the blighting influences of the world. All these months I have kept silence, but now that you are engaged to that true-hearted Ontario merchant who holds you as the very apple of his eye, I feel I must speak. I am sure he would not approve of confession.

JUL. [Blushing furiously.] Feodore, I will be quite frank with you. I have not been to that ordinance for some time, and do not know that I shall ever go again.

FEO. Thank God!

JUL. And now that we have discussed my affairs, I want to say a word about your own. As long as Mr. Vincent has saved your life—to say nothing about the

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attention he paid you beforehand, I think—putting pride aside—the least you could do is to pay him some little civil attention in the ordinary intercourse of life. That is only what you owe to yourself.

FEO. Ask him to tea?

JUL. Yes; why not? Have a nice little company of two or three to meet him.—[*Aside.*] That would bring about a *dénouement* of some sort, or I am much mistaken.

FEO. Well, I do not mind. Only just now I am too tired to do anything but go upstairs and take a rest.

JUL. And I must go and look after the house a little.

[*Exeunt* FEODORE and JULIETTE.]

SCENE II.

Six days later. JULIETTE and FEODORE in the library of the latter's mansion.

JUL. And so, dear, to-morrow is the “great, th’ important day” of our little entertainment. How I do hope it will go off well!

FEO. [*A little heavily.*] Yes, indeed.

JUL. I have done my best, at any rate, to make it a success. I have ordered plenty of flowers, which I

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will arrange myself about the dining and drawing-rooms ; while the viands are all well chosen and the guests equally so. Then, as a finish to the whole, should the evening be fine—of which there is every prospect—we might have a few colored lamps in your pretty garden, and make the scene very effective indeed. The guests could walk there after tea, and it would be a charming finale, and make them recall the occasion with pleasure perhaps long after.—

[*Aside.*] How I trust it may be so !

FEO. It all sounds charmingly.

JUL. I do think a “high tea” the most enjoyable way, after all, of entertaining your friends. It has not the heaviness and formality of a dinner, and you get twice the amount of enjoyment out of it, while the meal itself is often better. Also, wine is out of the question, and you need only provide tea, coffee and other harmless liquids, while there is more freedom regarding guests and in every other way.

FEO. You think, then, we have chosen our guests well ?

JUL. I do, indeed. There is, first, Mr. Vincent, *the guest of the evening, the “raison d’être” as they say in your French country.* Then there is that clever, scholarly Dr. Asquith.

FEO. [*More brightly.*] He is for you, you know, dear. I asked him with that intention.

JUL. Thank you ; but I am so anxious for every-

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thing to go off well that I will not give up my time to one alone, but diffuse myself generally. Well, next comes your old friend Miss Wentworth, as good and charming as a sunbeam. I feel, indeed, as if her presence brought some benediction with it. Then the musical Mr. Walters will make our party complete. The numbers are just even—three ladies, three gentlemen. I don't like an overplus in the direction of the weaker sex, as is often the case.

FEO. [*Constrainedly.*] What will you say, Juliette, if I tell you that, without thinking enough about it, and on the impulse of the moment, I have, I fear, deranged the harmony of your plans. I am more sorry than I can say. You may perhaps remember that old schoolmate and friend of mine, Miss Helen Osborne, of whom I have spoken to you sometimes? Well, she is making a short stay in Mortville just now, and meeting her in the street the other day, I thought she looked so lonely and depressed I wanted to show her some attention, and, as I said, without thinking enough about it, I asked her here.

JUL. [*Pulling a long face.*] For to-morrow evening?

FEO. Yes. The words had scarcely left my lips when I was sorry and recollected everything; only my poor friend looked so gratified, that afterwards when I would have recalled my invitation, I had not the heart to do it. Please forgive me, dear. I feel as if I had done something very wrong indeed, when I

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think how hard you have worked, and are working, to make this party a success.

JUL. [Resignedly.] Never mind that. Well, I am sorry, of course; but it cannot be helped. It was just a piece of impulsive kindheartedness on your part. We must make the best of it now.

FEO. Thank you. It is only one more, after all. I don't see how it can make much difference in the end.

JUL. That depends entirely on the sort of person Miss Osborne is. Have I ever seen the lady?

FEO. Why, yes indeed. Don't you remember that lovely trip we took here, down the rapids, a year ago, one bright morning? Helen was on the steamer then, and I introduced her to you.

JUL. [Meditatively.] I think I do remember. Was she a middle-sized, lady-like person, with cold grey eyes?

FEO. [Smiling.] Why, yes; they were not much like your soft, violet ones, my sweet Juliette! But you have to take people's faces as you find them. I believe she has a kind heart of her own, and I have known her a long time.

JUL. All right, dear.—[Aside.] I fancy her face is a selfish one, though.—[Aloud.] We must not forget, her advent will necessitate our asking one more gentleman to keep the number even, and the time now is getting very short.

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FEO. Oh, dear me, yes! Would it not do to ask our next-door neighbor Mrs. James' eldest son? He is a bright young man, and we have seen but little of them for some time. It would be an attention, and he might do as well as any one at a pinch.

JUL. Just as you think best.

FEO. Then I will write the invitation at once and some one can take it without loss of time. I will go to my room to do it. Good-bye.

[*Exeunt* FEODORE and JULIETTE.]

SCENE III.

4.30 P.M. on the following day. FEODORE and JULIETTE in a sitting-room on the ground floor.

JUL. What a lovely day it has been, though somewhat warm—and with the prospect of a lovely evening to follow. We are fortunate indeed. My dear [*to Feodore*], I see you are tired, and no wonder. I want you to look your very best for our friends this evening. Will you take my advice? Go to your room and rest on the sofa for a while before dressing; it will do you no end of good; and let the dressing itself be done after a leisurely fashion—it is too important a function nowadays to be hurried over. I am going to take my own advice and lie down also.

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FEO. [Smiling.] And you need it so much less than I do, seeing that there are those eight or nine good years to your advantage between us. I feel very old sometimes, when we are together.

JUL. You need not, then. Remember, a woman is as old as she looks—it is only a man who is the age of his years. You look so well and young, generally speaking, that no one would guess you to be a few months over thirty. I am sure Mr. Vincent must be four or five years older at least. But you had better let me go up with you and see you comfortably established for a rest before I retire into private life.

FEO. You are a witch! Well, dear, I will give in to you. Only remember, should anything special occur I want to be called at once.

[*Exeunt* FEO and JULIETTE.]

[They proceed upstairs, where Juliette settles her friend in comfort on the sofa, well inclined for a nap, and retires. Within a quarter of an hour, however, Juliette retraces her steps, and hesitatingly opens the door of her friend's apartment.]

JUL. I feel so sorry, dear, to disturb you ; I cannot bear to do it. But the old lady who goes in so much for church work, and whom you have helped now and again—Miss Manners, I think her name is—is here and wants to see you badly. I only disturbed you to know what to do. Shall I say you are engaged, and ask her to call again some other day ?

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FEO. Yes, please.

[Having lifted her head for a moment, Feodore now lays it down again, among the pillows. Juliette, satisfied, is about leaving the room, when her friend holds up a warning finger to check her.]

FEO. I cannot help it, Juliette; I must see the old lady after all. You know she was my mother's friend, and I would not like to hurt her feelings. I will see to it that she does not keep me more than a few minutes.

JUL. I mistrust your firmness with her. You know she is one of those who never know when to leave off when once they begin talking. If the time is overstepped I shall take the liberty of knocking and stirring you up myself.

FEO. And welcome. But I don't think it will be necessary.

[Feodore, descending the stairs, is closeted with the lady, who at once plunges into business, and finds a thousand points to invite discussion. Half an hour passes away, when her friend's warning tap is heard at the door.]

JUL. Pardon me, my dear, but you are wanted.—
[Whispering.] Is it not possible to make Miss Manners understand that you have not a moment to spare, and that she must call another day?

[Feodore hurriedly makes the requisite explanations, and Miss Manners, with apologies, departs. Feodore, then

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mounting to her room, devotes herself to the business of the hour. Some time passes satisfactorily when Juliette's step is heard on the stairs, and her face again seen at the door.]

JUL. My dear, you have not had time to dress properly, I know, yet, and I am the more sorry to disturb you ; but alas ! everything seems at cross purposes this afternoon. You did not expect any guest to arrive so early as this, did you ?

FEO. Certainly not. Who has come then ?

JUL. Miss Helen Osborne.

FEO. I am surprised ; I thought she knew better than that, only she has been stopping in country towns and villages, and visiting friends in the States, and of course their ways are different from ours.

JUL. That may be. I suppose you wish me to entertain her till you come down ?

FEO. Surely, dear. You do that well, as you do everything. It would be a great kindness.

JUL. Thank you. Well, I cannot say it will be a pleasure, but I will do my best for your sake. Somehow, her ways of looking at things in general are different from yours and mine. But I will leave you to finish your toilette in peace.

[*Exit Juliette.* Twenty minutes are scarcely past, however, before she again presents herself, this time in a state of repressed excitement.]

JUL. Mr. Vincent is coming up the street. I just

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caught sight of him on the opposite side of the way.
He will ring the front-door bell directly.

FEO. [Startled.] Well, it cannot be helped. I am nearly ready, you see. You will just have to entertain them both for a little time.

JUL. I see you are getting into your dress, dear ; and what a lovely one it is ! You will look charming in it. I don't think I have ever seen it before.

FEO. No, it was made during your absence, by the dressmaker you found for me. It is the latest style of "confection" in black silk, lace and jet.

JUL. I am delighted with it. You will try not to fail in your part, I see. I suppose I must certainly introduce the two early guests to each other ?

FEO. Why, yes, of course. Say I shall be down directly.

JUL. I don't like it. You know I never did quite fancy her. And those fishy eyes of hers ! I am sure she is one of those who, if given an inch, will take an ell. Also, she will not fail to make the most of the old friendship between you—or acquaintanceship shall I say ? Alas, my dear, it is too dangerous to give way to impulse sometimes !

FEO. You are right, Juliette. It will be a lesson to me for life. Still, I cannot see how any great harm can result from her being here this one evening.

JUL. [Gloomily.] I hope not. There is the door bell ! By the way, I had nearly forgotten to give you

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this. It came a little while ago, but I did not like to disturb you.

[Here Juliette hands a note to her friend, who, tearing it open, casts a hurried glance over the contents.]

JUL. I suppose it is from young James to say he cannot come?

FEO. Yes. He hoped to be able to do so, but finds he has a previous engagement. I am sorry. He would have been another gentleman to make our numbers even at least, and perhaps prevent complications. But I must not detain you now.

[*Exit Juliette.* Ten minutes later Feodore, ready dressed and looking her best, descends to the drawing-room, where she finds a desultory conversation going on between the two guests so lately thrown together. This continues until the arrival of the others, when the social atmosphere clears itself at once. Tea being shortly announced, goes off well, with the exception of a tendency on Miss Osborne's part to draw conversation in her direction, and make it more or less constrained. The meal being over, the party return to the drawing-room, when Juliette, stepping to a window overlooking the garden, draws aside the curtain, with an exclamation on the beauty of the night. All in the room approach to look out, and a proposal for a stroll in the grounds being made, it is acceded to at once.]

VIN. [*Approaching Feodore.*] Miss Medworth, the effect of the colored lamps in your garden is enchanting. I would like to study it more closely. Will you accept my escort?

FEO. With great pleasure, sir.

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[He offers his arm, which she takes, and they step into the hall on their way to the garden. As they do so, a sudden ring is heard at the front-door bell. At the sound, they retrace their steps to the drawing-room, while the other guests, who, under the guidance of Juliette, are looking for light wraps, etc., follow their example. The door being opened, a tall figure is seen to walk into the room opposite. Directly after, a maid approaches Feodore, with a card on a tray.]

THE MAID. The Reverend Mr. Rutland, ma'am, is in the library. He has to leave by the first train to-morrow morning, and would be so thankful if you could see him for a few moments. He will not detain you long.

JUL. [*Emphatically.*] Say you are engaged.—
[*Aside.*] And he a Nonconformist, too—not even a Churchman!

FEO. [*Plaintively.*] My dear, I cannot help it. He has been the kindest of the kind to me, and helped me in times of worry and trouble that I would not like to live through again.—[*To the maid.*] Say I will come directly.—[*To Vincent.*] I am sorry, Mr. Vincent, for this interruption, but you see I cannot help myself. I must see this clergyman.

VIN. Certainly, Miss Medworth. I will wait for you here with pleasure.

FEO. [*Smiling faintly.*] Oh, no, Mr. Vincent, I could not think of that. You will do me a favor if you will go into the garden with the others.

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[Rising, she proceeds to the library, and the door is shut. All the rest descend to the garden, with the exception of Juliette, who waits for her friend. Half an hour passes away before the clergyman is ushered to the door, which Feodore closes behind him. She then rejoins her friend in the drawing-room.]

JUL. Your ghostly counsellor kept you longer than he spoke of.

FEO. Yes, I know ; but I cannot feel sorry I saw him—he is a thoroughly good man, and I rejoice to have been of use to him. And, as you know, he is starting on a long journey to-morrow, and I may not see him for months or years—perhaps never. Our conversation touched on many topics—the effects of trial and suffering on different temperaments, for one. He said that while sorrow crushed some natures to the dust, and soured them hopelessly, others were chastened and uplifted by it, and the world better for their presence and experience.

JUL. [Sarcastically.] I suppose Mr. Rutland thinks there is no kind of suffering he does not know about. Shall we go into the garden now, before the evening is any older ?

FEO. Certainly, dear.

[Throwing a light wrap over her friend's shoulders, Juliette leads the way out of the house and down the steps into the garden.]

FEO. [Drawing a long breath.] Ah, the beautiful

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soft darkness, the fresh, fragrant night air! It is a dream of delight.

JUL. [Emphatically.] That is all very well; but oh, how different this is from the evening I worked for and pictured to myself!

FEO. [With a little gasp.] Alas, yes! But things may right themselves yet, after all.

JUL. We will see. I hope so with all my heart, and would do my utmost to bring it about. But, indeed, one of the worst kinds of suffering that I know of is to see things going desperately wrong and not be able to move a finger to right them.

FEO. [After a pause, with forced gaiety.] Where can the people have gone to, I wonder? Coming straight from a brightly lit house this garden seems very dark to me.

JUL. I will tell you. But please come forward a few yards to our old tree—that is a good place for rest, and observation too.—[They move forward to an old acacia tree standing nearly at the point where two paths intersect. Feodore leans against it, as if weary.] There, you can see our good Miss Wentworth sitting in the arbor against the wall, and the two gentlemen with her. I was very glad things arranged themselves in that fashion, for I wanted to be free to look after you. Does not her light dress come out beautifully in the lamplight? It seems to suit her. Now, there is a woman that it does one's

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heart good to see. Would there were more like her in the world !

FEO. [With energy.] You may say so, indeed. But where are the others ?

JUL. There, in that far corner of the garden, where the lamps are fewest. Do you see two shadowy forms passing up and down, looking like figures in a dream ? They are there, Mr. Vincent and Miss Osborne. Do you know, I simply cannot call it good taste in her to monopolize him as she does and cut him off from all the others.

FEO. Certainly not.

JUL. And this has been going on for some time. While you were closeted with your clergyman, I stepped out here a moment to reconnoitre, and everything was just as it is now.

FEO. [After a pause, looking around her.] I think I will walk forward and say a few words to Miss Wentworth and her attendant cavaliers. Because one guest, who was asked out of mistaken kindness, has wounded me cruelly, is no reason why I should not pay proper attention to the others, who have done their duty.

[They walk to the arbor, and after exchanging greetings and a few pleasant words with its occupants, return to their former post of observation.]

FEO. [With a quick breath.] How slowly the evening draws on !

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JUL. It does indeed. Really, if that girl had the slightest sense of honor she would give Mr. Vincent up to you at once. The strength of her position is, that neither of us can walk forward and ask her to do so. Of course she saw everything that went on—knew that you intended to walk with him, and that he asked you specially, and proposed to wait in the drawing-room for you. She might even have insight enough to understand how the land lay altogether. What may be her motive for acting as she has done I cannot conceive. I paired her off at first with Dr. Asquith, thinking he would be bright and scientific enough even for her; but when your clergyman appeared, and she found the coast clear, she managed to disembarrass herself of the doctor, and hovered about Mr. Vincent till he offered his arm. Some women can always get their own way.

FEO. [With bitterness.] And some not!

JUL. It would be the greatest pleasure I could have, to give her a piece of my mind. The worst of people of her sort is, that when fairly brought to bay, and confronted with their evil doings, they can always find some snaky path of escape. Should anyone demand from her the true story of this evening, she might very plausibly answer that she was not aware we were in the garden. Do you know, I think it would be well, for both our sakes, to cut that ground directly from under her feet. I therefore

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propose that you and I should walk forward, as nearly as we can without intrusion, to their place of refuge, and enter into conversation in a raised tone of voice. That would be sufficient proof of our vicinity.

FEO. It is rather an undignified mode of proceeding, but I can think of nothing better. "Necessity knows no law." But oh, the minutes drag like hours to-night!

JUL. They do indeed. There is such an oppression in the air I have looked several times for signs of thunder, but there are none.

FEO. Inward oppression blights like—[*She pauses, saying no more.*]

[As they draw nearer to the delinquents, pacing up and down, Juliette stoops and plucks a spray of southernwood, which she holds out for her friend to inhale its fragrance.]

JUL. [*In a raised voice.*] There is something so bright and quaint about this garden of yours, Feodore! I always did love it. And you have such delicious old-fashioned things in it, too, such as one reads of in gardens of romance. This bit of southernwood, for example; how it reminds me of what we were reading the other day, about the women in some part of the country, I think New England, always in olden times taking a bit of southernwood to church, wrapped in a handkerchief, to help them through the sermon. Do you know, in some moods I scarcely

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pluck a flower without thinking of all the men and women in past days who, their hearts throbbing with hope or fear, have plucked flowers like these—now all dust together! Well, I could never be one of those who believe that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

FEO. [*Entering into the humor of the situation.*] Nor could I. No other, certainly, would respond to the lines we love so much :

“Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.”

Do you know the language of flowers?

JUL. I am sorry to say, no. In my school-girl days the subject had a great charm for me, and I possessed a book containing the names of all the flowers, with their meanings. But as I grew older so many more important things pressed on me that that went to the wall, and now I have forgotten nearly all about it.

FEO. That is just my case, except, indeed, in regard to such well-known flowers as forget-me-nots, pansies, and other kindred ones, which tell their own story.

JUL. Yes, and the sweet primrose of England, emblem of purity and truth. I will give you another quotation for yours :

“Pale primroses, which die unmarried.”

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FEO. That is charming. Do you know the meaning of southernwood, now?

JUL. I am not certain, but [*raising her voice*] I think it means deceit. That is likely, too, because it belongs to the family of Wormwood, and that is gall and bitterness.

FEO. [*Smiling*.] Hush!

[They move, swiftly and silently, back to their old post of observation, and a pause of a few moments ensues.]

FEO. [*Bravely*.] Our little discussion on flowers did me good just now, in spite of everything. But what an evening it has turned out altogether! It reminds me of a fantastic fairy tale I read in years gone by, about some wild artist's country called "Bohemia," where everything changed its appearance continually, and nothing remained the same. There are moments when I feel I shall wake up from this nightmare and find the world just as it used to be—Mr. Vincent the kindest of the kind, and looking in whenever he had a leisure evening. Ah, me!

JUL. Alas!

[They remain for a time motionless, except that nervous shudderings pass at intervals over Feodore's frame. Her hands are very cold also, and Juliette essays to warm them, but in vain.]

FEO. Juliette, I feel suddenly so weak I cannot stay here longer. Will you help me a few steps on

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towards the wall, where I will have something to lean against, and may be able to go indoors directly ?

[Juliette at once assists her friend to the nearest, or eastern, wall of the garden, and, after reclining against it a few moments, Feodore declares herself better.]

JUL. Will you go in now, dear ?

FEO. No, I feel the air is doing me good at last. I must breathe it a little longer.

JUL. [*Aside.*] Then I may leave her with an easy conscience. Oh, what an overpowering anxiety I feel to know something about what is going on at the other end of the garden, and what that heartless girl is really up to ! I think I must play eavesdropper for once. I cannot bear to do it, but the circumstances are peculiar indeed, and I feel as if, for my poor friend's sake even, I had a right to find out something of what this mystery means.—[*ALOUD.*] Will you mind, dear, if I leave you for a few moments ? I shall be back directly.

FEO. [*Still leaning against the wall.*] No, only don't be long.

[Juliette flies like a lapwing along the paths until she reaches a deeply shadowed tree, much nearer to the delinquents than she and her friend were able to approach before. Stepping cautiously onward and steadyng herself by grasping a long branch of the tree, she listens. At first nothing but a confused murmur of sound reaches her ear ; but gradually this clears itself, until she recognizes the different voices and is able to distinguish every word.]

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MISS OSB. A very superior person indeed. That is the universal opinion. Of course, you have seen her?

VIN. I did once, and I must say I thought her a hard, selfish woman of the world.

MISS OSB. [*As if shocked.*] Oh, surely not! Why, as I said, she is a general favorite. She is so practical and sensible, and knows what everybody is thinking and saying. Feodore's sister doted on her. Of course, you would have heard all about Feodore's younger sister, Mrs. Colonel Morley, now, I think, of Cheltenham, England? Perhaps you may have seen her; she has not been married long.

VIN. I may have caught a glimpse of her and forgotten it. You know I am not an old resident of Mortville.

MISS OSB. Ah, well, she is a taking little creature, much admired, and on the best of terms with Mrs. Northcote. You may perhaps have heard that Mrs. Northcote took a great interest in both the girls, and saw a great deal of them after their mother's death. Elsie she always got on well with, but Feodore fancied she had literary abilities, and made everything else bend to that. Instead of doing as others did—going into society and enjoying life, which with her fortune she could so well have done—she had masters for various branches, and gave herself up to reading and study like a hermit. This, of course, made her

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dreamy and unpractical, and Mrs. Northcote tried to combat that tendency in her, but only brought upon herself a large amount of friction. For my own part [*sarcastically*], I never believed in those literary abilities that some people troubled themselves about. I thought she made herself unpractical for nothing.

VIN. [*Pointedly.*] Oh, how much you women like to run each other down! Now, my own idea would be, if Miss Medworth finds so much enjoyment in reading and study, why not let her be happy in her own way? It is what we all strive after.—[*Aside.*] Only, though Feodore attracts me wonderfully, I confess I would not like to give my poor children an unpractical stepmother, or one who would be lacking in womanly thoughtfulness towards them. It may be all for the best that I found no opportunity for speaking out to-night, though I would gladly have made one.—[*Aloud.*] Miss Osborne, don't you think the evening is turning cooler? The wind that just met our faces was quite sharp.

MISS OSB. [*Playfully.*] Oh, not as bad as that! It feels so nice and cool after a hot day. Hark! was that a bird on the branch?

[Juliette, panting with indignation, now rushes to her friend, whom she finds still leaning against the wall, but quite inclined to go in.]

FEO. It has turned quite chilly in the last few minutes. I had better not stay out longer. It would

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hardly be pleasant to catch a severe cold as a climax to the miseries of this tremendous day.

JUL. No, my poor dear. Oh, if I could only tell you everything ! but I will not take up your time now. That traitress ! well, you know I never did like her. Ah, me, if I only had the power to punish her as she deserves, or at the least give her such a piece of my mind as she would not forget !

FEO. [*Languidly.*] You cannot, so what is the use of thinking about it ?

JUL. [*Eagerly.*] Ah, but I can, Feodore; not directly, but still in a way her conscience cannot fail to understand. You know I always meant to have a little music as a finish to the entertainment that has turned out such a failure. Well, we can have the music yet, only it must be of a peculiarly stimulating nature. I had not meant to sing myself, because you know my voice has not the compass I could wish ; but now I *will* sing, and do my best. And Mr. Walters shall play the accompaniment.

FEO. What will you sing, then ?

JUL. My dear, it just occurred to me as I stood here. (Let us walk up and down a moment, then you will not feel chilly.) You remember that magazine you picked up on our last trip with the article on Columbus, made up of two pictures and some verses, that struck us so much ? In the first picture, Columbus stands at the prow of his vessel, at mid-

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night, hailing the lights on the shore, which mean the discovery of America ; in the second, he lies on the floor of a dark dungeon, chained to a pillar, with such a look of despair on his face as I shall never forget. It haunted me for days. No wonder the poor man died a few years later, worn out with disappointment and anguish. The verses, you may remember, fitted in with the subject, and [*blushing slightly*] at my request my old Welsh friend set them to music not long ago. They will just do for this occasion.

FEO. [*Rousing herself.*] It is a splendid idea ! Thank you, Juliette.

JUL. Even if that girl should appear (as, of course, she has the nerve to do) quite impassive, as if the subject were miles away from her, Mr. Vincent, who is a gentleman—only men are so easily influenced—will know all it means.

FEO. Quite true, only we really must get back to the house now without delay.

JUL. We will. I see the others are thinking of a move, too. I noticed Miss Wentworth's light dress glancing under the trees a moment ago.

[They adjourn to the house and to the drawing-room, whither all the others follow. Miss Osborne and Mr. Vincent enter last. Juliette then proposes music and, all consenting, she walks to the piano and sings:]

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

THE DOOM OF GREATNESS.

The Mariner stands upon the deck
And strains his eyes afar
To watch a glimmering, fateful speck
Under the midnight star.

And memory holds that picture well—
The Hero standing there ;
The lonely heart's triumphant swell,
The answer to his prayer.

But Victory is not all of life—
Another picture yet,
With shades of bitterness and strife
We never can forget.

* * * * *

The dungeon's walls are damp and cold,
And foul the dungeon's breath ;
Chained to a pillar the Hero bold,
And only waiting death.

And the shadow gathering, dull and mute,
Anguish that will not die—
What is it but the poison-fruit
Of human treachery !

[As the last echo of Juliette's voice dies away a pause ensues, and then a chorus of plaudits and demands for

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“more.” The singer is evidently gratified by the interest she has awakened.]

FEO. [*Who has advanced to the piano.*] I never heard you sing so well, Juliette. I think you might give us something else now.

JUL. Nothing as long as that, though. I will give you a fragment I am very fond of—a nice little thing to go to sleep upon. It is called

“WITH THE HUNT.*

“The Fox set him down and looked about—
And many were feared to follow—
‘May be I’m wrong,’ says he, ‘but I doubt
That you’ll be as gay to-morrow.
For loud as you sing, and high as you ride,
And little you feel my sorrow,
I’ll be free on the mountain side
While you’ll lie low to-morrow.’”

[The song being finished, there are unmistakable signs of moving on the part of the guests.]

MISS WENT. [*To Feodore.*] I must thank you for a most delightful evening. The music proved such a treat that I was sorry we had lingered so long in the garden.—[*A pause.*] As we all seem to be walking home this fine night, Dr. Asquith and I were saying how well we could arrange to escort your friend Miss

* See Appendix, Note A.

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Osborne to her boarding place without going more than a step out of our way ; but I find Mr. Vincent is going to take care of her.

[The friends exchange glances. As soon as Miss Osborne had said her “good-nights” in an airy fashion, the gentlemen advanced to take leave.]

VIN. I must thank you, Miss Medworth, for a pleasant evening. As I have to leave town in a day or two on urgent business, I may not be able to see you for some little time. I am sorry.

FEO. Good-night, sir.

[The last guest having departed, the friends look at each other again, but with guarded glances.]

JUL. It won’t bear thinking of. Don’t let it interfere with your night’s rest, dearest. I don’t know that any man is worth that.

FEO. [Smiling faintly.] I think your Mr. Chetwynd might be.

[Juliette bursts into tears. Feodore leans her head on her friend’s shoulder, and they clasp hands in silence.]

JUL. [Between her sobs.] If I could do anything for you, dearest !

FEO. My friend, you are doing all that can be done. The one drop of comfort in this bitter cup is your loving kindness. I feel sure it will be returned into your own bosom. Kiss me now, and good-night.
[They embrace with tears.]

[*Exeunt* FEODORE and JULIETTE.]

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SCENE IV. AND LAST.

Ten years later. FEODORE and JULIETTE (now Mrs. Chetwynd) meet after a long separation.

JUL. Ah, the pleasure it is to see you again, Feodore! And how fresh and well you look! It might be only yesterday that we parted.

FEO. I can return the compliment with interest. For myself, I have been travelling and vegetating, while you have gone down into the thick of the fight and got married. I think you must be a matron of some eight or nine years' standing now.

JUL. You are right. I do wish you to see something of my dear husband—he is so good as well as so nice. We are only here for a few hours, you know. Mr. Chetwynd had to attend to some business directly we arrived here, but knowing the unspeakable pleasure I should have in seeing you again, he brought me here at once. Unfortunately, we must take the train to-night to return to our children and our Western home; but my husband will be able to call a little before the time of departure, and then you can see him. As for seeing the children, ah, me! that pleasure must wait until you come out to Manitoba, or I bring them here.

FEO. I shall be so pleased to meet your husband. I used to know him, of course, in the old days when he came courting you, but one's impressions need

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reviving. How to be with you again brings back all the past, Juliette !

JUL. Does it not ? How many memories come thronging into one's mind—the evening of that garden party especially. Never shall I forget it. I only heard a year or two ago that Mr. Vincent was married at last.

FEO. And to a person who will make a much better stepmother to his children than I should ever have done.

JUL. [Kindly.] I don't know that. At least, it is some consolation that he is not married to Miss Osborne. I suppose you have not seen her lately ?

FEO. Not for a long time. I believe she has been travelling and visiting her friends in the States. What a traitress she was ! Do you know, Juliette, it strikes me, whenever I think of it, that women are, as a rule, curiously untrustworthy towards each other. There is something rotten in that Denmark. How we admire the brave, bright comradeship of men with one another, shown all over the world—that is, when the men are manly. Wherever the scene be laid, whether in the plague-stricken cities of India or on the blood-stained fields of Central Africa, the human background is ever the same—the generous instinct of *camaraderie*, the readiness to stand shoulder to shoulder, to help each other all they can in the

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fierce battle of life—a battle more desperate and terrible by far than the mimic ones where they stand to be shot at! But whenever women come on the scene, there is apt to be with them some element which vitiates their relation to each other.

JUL. After all that has come and gone, dearest, I know not how to blame any views of yours. But still I think you are hard on our sex.

FEO. Of course, I do not mean the noble, gracious ones—the few who make this world worth living in, and exalt our estimate of human nature. These are all one could desire. No, I mean the ordinary rank and file—the common multitude, without hearts or brains. Nor am I alone in my views. Let me read you the words of a modern writer I am very fond of, and who, I am glad to say, has made her mark on her time. She says: “Women have not, to begin with, the *esprit de corps* which the most ordinary men possess. With what difficulty can one squeeze out of a man any fact that is detrimental to his friend, or even to his acquaintance, however obviously necessary it may be that the information should be asked for and given. Yet I have known many good and earnest and affectionate women who lead unselfish lives, who will ‘give away’ their best woman friend on the smallest provocation, or without any provocation at all. The causes of humiliation and disaster in a woman’s life seem to have no sacredness for her

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women friends." These are telling and stinging words, written by no prejudiced observer.

JUL. You may be right. I am sure you have given much more thought to the subject than I have. Tell me something about yourself.

FEO. Well, I have learned to know a little—only a little—of the depths of those beautiful words of scripture, "Thy lovingkindness is better than life." And do you remember how we used to pore over Mrs. Browning together? There are two lines of hers that keep always echoing in my thoughts :

"Aye, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need Thee on that road;

But, woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God."

[*Exeunt* FEODORE and JULIETTE.]

In Primavera,
(LYRICS OF YOUTH.)

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

AGAIN ! the skies are chilling now ;
The snow is on the ground ;
Winter, with sullen, old-time brow,
Looks haughtily around.
But faces gay, and hearts as light
As sunbeams, tell at last
We dare to hope for something bright
Before the year is past !

Upon these days the sunlight gleams
More peaceful and more fair ;
Can it be fancy ? but there seems
A fragrance in the air ;
That subtle brightness quivers through
Skies grey with winter's cold ;
That fragrance — 'tis the same we knew
On many a morn of old !

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Conflicts may o'er our souls have passed,
 So deadly and so deep,
That, while we live, the shadows cast
 Will haunt us as we sleep ;
A light may from our hearts have gone
 That nothing can restore ;
But, all the same, life passes on
 With joy to thousands more !

Now, well-remembered pictures crowd
 Where'er we turn our eyes :
Upon bleak fields the snowy shroud,
 Direct from Heaven, lies ;
And there is peace on all around,
 As in the ancient days ;
And, ever rising from the ground,
 The wealth of prayer and praise !

Oh, might we but, in sweet content,
 Accept the mighty will !
Thanks, Lord, for all Thy mercies sent
 To erring mortals still ;
So constant, all our lives we knew,
 Their brightness round us cast ;
So many, undeserved and true,
 We dare not count at last !



LINES TO A WATER-LILY.

OH, fair and pure upon the lake
Thy glossy leaves are spread ;
No fluttering winds thy sleep can wake
Among the ripples dead.
No clouds can that still beauty move
That cross the azure sky ;
Thou sleepest in the light of love
Shed o'er thee from on high.

No other flowers beside thee rest,
Thou, Lily, art alone ;
Thou wearest on thy virgin breast
No glory save thine own.
Thou watchest but the heavenly light
That gleams so far away ;
I see thee still, as sinks the night,
Fold up thy leaves and pray !

LINES TO A WATER-LILY.

And now float on—thy life is fair,
 But thou art fairer still ;
Perhaps in gazing on thee there
 Our hearts may cease to thrill.
Perhaps, descending from the sky,
 Some glory still and deep
May light us, when we come to die,
 As now it lights thy sleep !

WE ARE THREE.

WE are three—in love and pride
Our hearts walk daily side by side.
We are three—in hope and truth,
Linked by the golden dreams of youth.

We are three—yet of us one
Lies far beneath the Orient sun,
Where the pale palm-trees bend in pride
To kiss the earth where warriors died.

We are three—yet, 'neath the wave,
My love lies in a lonely grave ;
The waters flow upon his breast :
He sleeps in everlasting rest.

Those two are dead—I yet remain
Within this world of toil and pain ;
Yet, wheresoe'er my footsteps flee
I bear this token—we are three.

WE ARE THREE.

We are three—our love is more,
Our hearts are stronger than of yore.
Though their loved forms I cannot see,
We are together—we are three.

I wait—my life is dim and still ;
My worn-out heart no more can thrill ;
I wait for Death, my soul to free—
Yet even here we still are three.

O strange, sweet power ! what dreams can
reign
Like these so far from mortal pain ?
What hope, what glory can I see,
Fair as the sign—that we are three ?

QUATRAIN.

EVER wake and never sleep—
O straining eyes, that cannot weep !
Ever sleep and never wake—
O quiet heart that cannot break !

A SUNSET DREAM.

(ANCONA, NORTHERN ITALY.)

ANCONA smiles before me now,
Under the sunset deep ;
Upon the mountain's darkening brow
Its glory seems to sleep.
Afar the wavelets rise and sink,
Floating in crimson fire ;
Afar, upon the ocean's brink,
I watch their light expire.

The night is soft, and on the air
Rises the evening song,
Sustained by many a fisher there,
The gleaming waves along.
The breeze floats gentle as a sigh,
Upheaved from maiden's breast ;
To blend, in mystic harmony,
With Earth's and Heaven's rest.

A SUNSET DREAM.

The sun has changed the sloping shore
 To plains of Orient gold,
As though he sought, while yet no more,
 The sleeping earth to fold.
And, where the mountain rises proud,
 In shadowy stillness stern,
Some light from a late-lingering cloud
 Seems yet in love to burn.

Ancona holds my fate on earth—
 Some dim, unfathomed spell
Woke with the moment of my birth,
 As shade or sunbeam fell ;
It binds me with a chain unseen
 To that far land of power ;
Yet Fancy only wakes the scene
 At sunset's magic hour.

Ancona ! Fair, and loved, and bright,
 Perhaps, beneath the sky
That hides for me unearthly light—
 I yet am doomed to die !
Perhaps—but no, I will not speak
 These visions of the past—
Yet on thy shores I still must seek
 To know my doom at last !

SPRING.

LISTEN ! Sweet voices call the Earth
 To life and love again,
And stifle, in their wakening mirth,
 The dreary Winter's pain.
'Tis the old tale, forever new,
 Of Spring descending fair,
Stooping on fragrant winds to strew
 The flowers that bind her hair—
And blushing, with a sweet surprise,
 When Summer at her side
Starts up to look into her eyes,
 And claim her for his bride.

There is no coldness in her smile,
 No mourning on her brow :
Even her tears all hearts beguile
 To look upon her now.

SPRING.

Surely she is some angel sent
From the far clouds above,
And to us mournful mortals lent
To teach us light and love !
Surely no hearts resist her spell—
The spell of hope and peace ;
Surely with her must gladness dwell
And passion's discord cease.

Would thou could'st be, O maiden sweet,
The guardian of our life,
Treading beneath thy happy feet
All earthly care and strife !
Teaching that all is for the best,
That what we think our woes
But lead us sooner to the rest
From whence our being rose ;
That love reigns yet, serene and free—
No phantom of the past,
But a true power, whose light should be
Forever round us cast.

LINES

ON THE VISIT OF PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON TO
CANADA, AUGUST, 1861.

At the time these verses were written, the author, in common with many others, cherished the brightest visions of an era of prosperity and progress for France—material, moral and spiritual—in the not distant future. Succeeding events, even before the Franco-German war of 1870, proved too well the futility of such dreams. The lines are, however, given in their entirety.

A WELCOME ! Let no churlish thought
Disturb the generous pride
That bids us welcome as we ought
Napoleon to our side !
A stranger, come across the sea
To view this land of ours,
To watch her, careless, proud and free
In youth's all-conquering powers.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S VISIT TO CANADA.

His the Old World, and ours the New,
The present and the past,
Linked by sweet memories strong and true,
While Time and Earth shall last.

The Bourbon lilies float no more
Upon the land and wave ;
The kings that fought and ruled of yore
Lie mouldering in the grave :
France mourns them not—their work is done,
Their lineage passed away ;
And where once sank their reddening sun,
Now dawns a brighter day !
Why linger by the Past, to see
Hopes fade in vain regret ?
No ! France must live and learn—to be
A nobler country yet !

With all that Love could wish, to guide
Her wandering footsteps now ;
With Victory steadfast at her side,
Hope bright upon her brow—
A ruler, calm of heart and hand,
Prepared through life alone
To sway the sceptre of the land,
And sit upon her throne—

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S VISIT TO CANADA.

All this hath France ; no ancient days
E'er found her fate so fair :
And eyes at last may on her gaze
Unshadowed by despair !

Let but thy future, France, fulfil
This opening promise bright ;
Let Peace those surging passions still
That waken with thy might ;
Let that calm pride of worth be thine
That shames the pride of power,
And ever brightest seems to shine
In Misery's darkest hour !
For us, we welcome here thy son
With greetings frank and free,
And claim him in our thoughts as one
That closer binds to thee !

THE SONG OF THE JACOBITE EXILE.

SIT thou, my daughter, on my knee :
Art dreaming of the past ?
Have childhood's memories, fond and free,
Their magic o'er thee cast ?
Or dost thou trace in thought again
The happy dreams of yore,
How o'er our glorious land should reign
A rightful king once more ?

My child, my child ! a lot of tears
And strife is ours to bear,
Wasting our hearts, our hopes, our years,
In longing and despair ;
Yet own we still, through bitterest hour,
A refuge and a pride ;
For Honor hath a spell whose power
Is more than earth beside.

SONG OF THE JACOBITE EXILE.

And if a nameless foreign tomb
Be ours at long and last,
Is our race, descending to its doom,
Unworthy of the past?
The sun, that blazed in splendor fair,
Flooding the landscape round—
To sink, in hopeless darkness, where
No human voice is found—

Yet e'en through Death's most bitter sting,
Perhaps remembered more
Than when its triumph served to bring
Light to some happy shore—
How we, through Satan's snares beguiled,
Life's saving truths defy!
“ ‘Tis not all of life to live, my child,
Nor all of death to die.”



TO AN ENGLISH VIOLET IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The picturesque incident here commemorated occurred some years ago. A British colonist having brought to the land of his adoption (Australia), some specimens of English violets, they were highly appreciated and became the objects of special attention at a large evening assembly.

WITHIN a curtained, lamp-lit room,
Fed with the breath of rich perfume,
Girt round with radiance, light and bloom,

The modest flower upraised its head,
And a soft, mystic fragrance shed,
Like Memory when our youth is fled.

I bent to look upon it there,
So soft, so feminine, so fair,
A flower for angel hands to bear !

Yet exiled from its native land,
By unfamiliar breezes fanned,
A pilgrim on a foreign strand !

TO AN ENGLISH VIOLET IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Pale English flower ! thou bring'st to me
Loved visions, wheresoe'er I be,
Of thy far land beyond the sea !

A land of loveliness and dreams,
Where earth with living splendor teems,
Where e'en life's echo sweeter seems !

Land of brave deeds and honor high,
Land of triumphal days gone by,
Where men press onward fearlessly !

Because of freedom won of yore—
Where the slave walks, a slave no more,
And blessings rest upon the shore !

The spirit of a lofty race,
Th' imperial will that keeps its place,
The scorn for all things foul and base—

These have their portion, yet we know
There is more in all than surface show—
The under-current sets below.

Because GOD'S WORD is cherished here,
Its brightness to men's vision clear,
While other lands in darkness fear !

TO AN ENGLISH VIOLET IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Recall that prince of heathen fame
Who o'er the distant ocean came,
Drawn by Victoria's lofty name.

He said, "O Queen, I ask of thee
What may the wondrous secret be,
Gives thy race power, by land and sea?"

Victoria's gracious hand upraised
The Book: the while he stood amazed,
And all around in silence gazed.

"Behold the Secret and the Sign,
To fire the nation's spirit fine,
With something of its strength divine.

"On this foundation must we rest—
Seeking His Spirit to be our guest,
God's mercy in us made manifest."

She ceased. The Book was in his hand,
More precious through her soft command,
That he should search and understand.*

* * * * *

* This incident has been well commemorated by the artist, Thomas Jones Baker. A copy of his picture is appended. Behind Her Majesty, who is represented handing the Bible to the heathen youth, is seen the figure of the lamented Prince Consort. Behind the Hindoo Prince, the present Lord Salisbury (then a young man) and the late Lord Shaftesbury are standing. The picture is well known, though perhaps not so well as it deserves to be.

TO AN ENGLISH VIOLET IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Violet ! these thoughts that oversweep
My spirit and heart, they are too deep—
O let them in thy fragrance sleep !

And smile thy hour, 'neath foreign eyes,
Clad in as true and modest guise
As under England's quiet skies.



“IMPLORA PACE.”

In the well-known “Life of Lord Byron,” by Thomas Moore, a touching incident, connected with the poet’s early Italian life, is narrated. During a short stay in Ferrara, in the year 1819, he visited the “Campo Santo,” or burial-place of that town, and was particularly struck with the inscriptions on two tombstones—those of a man and a woman. The first ran :

“ Martini Luigi
Implora pace,”

the other,

“ Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.”

The remembrance of these words suggested the following lines :

THE “Campo Santo!”—Cypress dim
Along the churchyard wall ;
And here and there a gravestone grim
Leaning before it fall.
And moss and ivy trail around
Their long, neglected sprays—
Where one sad woman, from the ground,
“Eternal quiet” prays.

“IMPLORA PACE.”

“Eternal quiet!” Not that, clear
Might beam upon her way
Lights that make radiant, even here,
This prison-house of clay:
Not hers at Hope’s fair shrine to bow,
Nor Love’s sweet empire own;
She may have prized them once, but now
Eternal peace alone!

“Eternal quiet!” Oh, for thee
The æons that came and passed,
Before the spirit’s agony
Yearned for such doom at last!
The mind may compass other scenes,
New realms, new victories make;
But that “eternal quiet” means
A sleep that will not break!

Poor heart! we trust that, ere the end
(The grave that yawned for thee),
Thy spirit-eyes beheld that Friend
Whose death meant Rest—to be;
Rest after strife—night’s feverish dreams
Exchanged for morn’s glad ray;
Splendor that from God’s mercy streams
For the corpse-lights of decay!



A SUMMER'S DAY IN OLD MONTREAL.

(IN EARLY YOUTH.)

No cloud upon that stainless blue
To dim the radiance bright,
That opes before our eager view
A vista of delight.
No breeze to stir th' enchanted air
Or wake the leaflets' play ;
A brief Elysium, frail and fair,
This ripening Summer day !

Along the streets there comes a breath
Redolent of the Past ;
Visions of thronging life and death
Their witchery round me cast.
Just so on Summer days of old
It looked—this town of ours ;
Just so the ancient echoes rolled
Around its streets and towers.

* * * * *

A SUMMER'S DAY IN OLD MONTREAL.

(AFTER.)

O'er brightest fancies shades must fall—
The shadow of the Cross.

O inward vision ! can we call
That sacred gravure loss ?

The city has spread, the city has gleamed,
In splendor far and wide ;
The light that once around it streamed,
My heart ! has sunk and died.

A FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC.

BRIGHT in the morning fair,
Bright through the summer air,
Gilded with sunshine rare,
Quebec was seen.
Floated and curled in light
The crested wavelets bright,
Around her guardian might—
The Fortress-Queen !

I knew her—far away :
Before we reached the bay
Mine eyes could mark the sway
 Of rampart-towers ;
Before her walls I knew,
Some instinct told me true
How near I was to view
 Those ancient powers !

A FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC.

Near—nearer yet we came ;
Rose dark her heights of fame
Against that field of flame,
 The morning sky ;
Frowned down embrasures deep,
Gleamed cannon on the steep,
Flew stern above her Keep
 One flag on high !

Nor for the eye alone
These radiant pictures shone :
The lore of cycles flown
 Seemed garnered here ;
The Present and the Past
Together smiled at last—
Spells round these walls were cast
 That yet are near !

* * * * *

Dark years have rushed between
Me and that radiant scene—
Old memories quick and keen
 Are quenched in night ;
Yet, with Hope's wakening thrill,
Before my vision still
That city on the hill
 Arises bright !

A FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC.

Let but a stranger's praise
And long remembrance raise
Some sign upon the ways—
At least—'tis true ;
And stand thou firm in power,
Braced for the darkest hour—
May none around thee lower !
Quebec—adieu !

LINKS

ON THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON
RECEIVING TIDINGS OF THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
HON. SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, BART., SECRE-
TARY OF WAR, APRIL 14TH, 1863.

THE ranks are gathered—not to fight,
To struggle, or to dare ;
Ah, no—for on this meeting night
Far other thoughts are there.
Hushed is th' upbraiding word—the flow
Of passion calmed to peace :
One mightier shoots his bolt, and lo !
Earth's petty tumults cease.
And faction's reign itself is past
For one brief, solemn hour :
As brothers here they bend at last
Before a sterner power !

Few are the words, but fitly said,
That speak the sense of all—
That pay due honor to the dead,
His deeds and worth recall.

DEATH OF RT. HON. SIR GEORGE C. LEWIS.

Opponents rise to touch the theme,
And speak with saddening praise
Of gifts and powers they well might deem
Deserving longer days.*
Finished those words—that duty done—
And, till the morrow's light,
They leave the mighty pile alone,
To silence and to night !

Kind Heaven ! we would not bend to thee
In bitterness and gloom ;
Thy mercy only might decree
The mercy of the tomb !
Grant us these years, that fade so fleet,
To guide, in strength and power ;
Grant us, prepared and calm, to meet
The last and final hour ;
Grant us, when all our path is trod,
As loved to reach the grave
As he who rests beneath the sod
Where Cambrian blue-bells wave !

* Several of Sir George Lewis' strongest political opponents expressed, on this occasion, their high sense of his virtues and talents, and their deep regret at his untimely death.

TWO SPRINGS.

LAST Spring, when early on us fell
A blissful, sunlit day—
When Winter's ear might trace the knell
Foretelling his decay—

I—all my heart borne down with woe—
Swift to thy dwelling sped,
If haply from thy lips might flow
Some comfort for my dread.

I found thee in thy chamber fair,
Girt round with leaves and flowers ;
I might have thought my footsteps there
Strayed in a fairy's bowers.

I heard thy gentle lips renew
The hopes of earlier years ;
How swift those happy moments flew
That woke me from my fears !

And yet THY life was dark—no more
Its vanished suns could shine ;
How my heart shamed itself before
The sweet content of thine !

TWO SPRINGS.

I went—and with thy parting smile
Some fancy whispered free,
“Ah, how our friendship shall beguile
The shades of Springs to be !”

* * * * *

Once more the Spring looks down in light
On forest, mount and plain ;
Borne on victorious sunbeams bright
Her love is ours again.

And yet, as to thy chamber sweet
My thoughts were wont to stray—
Now, if that memory loved they meet,
They shrink—and turn away.

And where my steps would turn to thee,
And linger at thy door,
They—while I own mortality—
Shall linger—nevermore !

I pictured for thee Spring-times true
Of earthly light and love ;
Even while I hoped, thy spirit knew
Eternal Spring above !

APRIL.

A BROODING quiet on the sky,
A mist upon the land ;
And April rises, dropping shy
The blossoms from her hand.

Sweet the white mystery of her brow,
And soft those violet eyes
That now droop pensively, and now
Flash radiant as the skies !

I knew thee, April, well and long ;
In happy seasons past
I watched thy radiance, heard thy song,
And hail thee still at last !

Yet, art thou still the same ? I view
A spirit, varying, fair ;
But in her face the smiles I knew
Have caught a shade of care !

APRIL.

And where bright Nature bent to me,
A mother strange and sweet,
Now oft as fancy wills I flee—
But never to her feet !

Surely the willows droop no more
With their sweet grace of old ;
Surely the passionate eyes of yore
Turned earth to brighter gold.

And yet—still flowers our glances meet ;
Suns shine as once they shone.
Where can the change be, Spring-time sweet,
Save in myself alone ?

“*Nel mezzo del cammin’ di nostra vita.*”



A REMINISCENCE OF THE MAINE COAST IN OTHER DAYS.

“It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea”—

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

“So fast does a little leaven spread within us—so incalculable is the effect of one personality on another.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

TO FRANCES.

A CHARM I cannot trace or know—
A passion strange and sweet—
Enchains me, till myself I throw
In spirit at thy feet!

Thy hair is darkness, and thine eyes
Flash deep with southern fire ;
Close in my heart their mystery lies,
A mystery and desire !

REMINISCENCE OF THE MAINE COAST.

Thy lips—red clusters, opening sweet,
The hidden pearls disclose ;
Two flowers in fairest compass meet—
The lily and the rose.

The figure of a sylph's or fay's
Is thine—and only Grace
Within the shadow of thy ways
Makes her abiding-place.

My life is richer than I came
Thus where thy presence cast
A witchery that I dare not name,
But only *feel* at last !

And now—in little space I see
That spell shall all be o'er—
The vision I have seen shall be
Laid with the lights of yore.

And I—when I recall the gleam
Thou shedd'st on skies of grey,
Shall murmur, "'Twas a radiant dream
That shone—and passed away !"



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE
BONSECOURS.

(*Erected 1773.*)

(WRITTEN FOR FRANCES.)

DEAR relic of a fruitful Past !
Not yet thy work is done,
Though lingering years have o'er thee cast
Their shadow and their sun ;
Thou wearest yet, serene and free,
The ancient stately grace ;
And strangers come to look on thee,
And know thee in thy place !

The autumn breeze, in tenderest mood,
Its magic on thee lays ;
And ever o'er thee seems to brood
The light of other days.
The mart is close ; more swiftly on
Rushes the living tide !
On all, methinks, those cycles gone
Breathe as they pass thy side.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS.

What tales thy stones could tell—of power,
 Of promise and decay—
The glorious visions of an hour
 That rose and passed away !
What scenes those silent walls might see !
 Vain suppliance, mad regret,
Whose memory, in these days, may be
 A troubled darkness yet !

Thy aisles the swelling strains have known
 Of Victory's days of pride ;
A radiance through their gloom has shone
 On bridegroom and on bride.
And then those other seasons grew—
 When Plague was in the air—
When myriads saw their doom, and knew
 Nothing was left—but Prayer.

Those days are o'er ! Still to the skies
 Thou lookest, full and free ;
Firm, as we hope, thou yet mayst rise,
 For many a year to be.
All round thee altered ; landmarks flown,
 The ways, the looks of yore ;
But the Man's nature thou hast known,
 That changes—nevermore !

MONTREAL IN AUTUMN.

(TO FRANCES.)

MY walks lie now among the leaves,
Crimson, and gold, and brown ;
For Nature her sweet broidery weaves
O'er all the dreary town.

Slow wandering, in some nook I stand,
And linger—while the grace,
Now spreading broadcast o'er the land,
Shines “in a shady place !”

The mountain from these slopes is seen,
A rain-bowed, dazzling height,
As if the Summer's sombre green
Had lost itself in light.

MONTREAL IN AUTUMN.

And still no glare upon the sky—
 But softest, dreamiest rays
Look down through mists to sanctify
 These mellow Autumn days !

Yet never did fair scene but bring
 Some thoughts that were not fair ;
The shadow of a phantom wing
 Forever in the air !

Why, when these Autumn leaflets fall,
 So coldly and so sere,
Should they those vanished hours recall,
 Made by thy presence dear ?

Ah, friend ! Those memories bring to me
 Not bliss so much as pain ;
The burden of my thought must be,
 When shall we meet again ?

AN ORIENTAL SALUTATION.

“Peace be with you.”

(WRITTEN FOR FRANCES.)

PEACE be with you ! Peace at night,
In the obscure and solemn light ;
Peace at morn, when, softly gay,
Those fair eyes open to the day ;
Peace, while earth's light is round thee ; peace
Beyond thy dreams when earth shall cease ;
Peace forever ! But for me,
What peace is there—save with thee ?

LINES TO FRANCES.

WHEN first I met your glance, my friend,
Some instinct seemed to speak,
And murmur, "Here life's quest may end ;
Behold the heart you seek !

" Long, long the watch, the waiting ; long
The hope, the fell despair ;
A Presence rises from the throng,
The answer to thy prayer !

" Now drop the burden of thy fears,
Thy sorrows put away ;
The light that in thy East appears
Shines to the perfect day.

" For thee no more the bitter gloom—
The threatenings of the past ;
Thy spirit, ransomed from its tomb,
Leaps to its life at last ! "

* * * * *

* * * * *

LINES TO FRANCES.

What was thy charm ? Not till this hour
Could earthly spell command
For me the witchery and the power
Held in thy careless hand !

Was it that in some vanished year,
Lost, lost in mists of yore,
Thy soul was part of mine—and here
Reclaimed its own once more ?

I know not. Friend, thou mayst not see
(Thou shouldst not—it is best)
All thy affection is to me,
My refuge and my rest !

The clouds may lower around, and dart
The lightnings on the gale ;
But—still thine image in my heart—
On, on ! I will not quail !

AMINE.

(WITH THOUGHT OF FRANCES.)

“Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

“WHERE dwells she ?” “Seest thou in the vale
Yon gracious mansion rise—
Where trees wave softest to the gale,
And sweetest sunshine lies ?

“The vines arch o'er the balcony ;
The roses bloom beyond ;
The joyous birds, on every tree,
To Nature's joy respond.”

“What is her destiny ? How speeds
For her that shadow—Life ?
How are fulfilled th' immortal needs ?
And how is met—the strife ?”

AMINE.

“ Her husband bears, known far and near,
 A true and honored name ;
A seaman once, he would not fear
 Aught on this earth but shame.

“ Wealth is his now—his toils are done :
 Yet, more than all beside,
The wife his constancy hath won,
 His treasure and his pride !

“ The very apple of his eye,
 Stranger ! 'tis even so—
How a strong man can love, and why,
 Perhaps you may not know.

“ There plays, beside the lady's knee,
 A boy of fairy grace,
In whom already you may see
 The fairy mother's face ! ”

“ Is she so fair, then ? ” “ I have seen,
 O stranger, many lands ;
Stood on Columbia's prairies green,
 Arabia's desert sands ;

“ And fair ones I have known, who taught
 My heart to feel their power ;
Yet never met I, to my thought,
 One like this English flower !

AMINE.

“ When I look on her face, meseems
 I stand in moonlight pale,
Stirless ; nor can explain the dreams
 That o'er my thoughts prevail !

“ So gracious, too ! There's not a boor
 Her look might chance to meet,
But for her sake would toil endure—
 Would worship at her feet !”

“ You paint,” I said, “ a mortal lot
 From mortal terrors free ;
Without a bitterness or blot ;
 Almost too bright to be !

“ So sweet, so loved, so beautiful !
 All brightness round her cast ;
Her cup of bliss must be so full,
 It should run o'er at last !”

“ Stranger ! I gave thee naught but truth ;
 And yet—if thou shouldst spy,
In all her beauty and her youth,
 Th' Enchantress pass thee by,

“ To God, thy Father, bend the knee,
 And of His mercy crave
For her, as happiest doom, to be
 This hour within her grave !”

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

(TO FRANCES. THE LAST.)

My heart so beat, I flew so fast—
This cannot be “Too late !” at last.

THEY said that she was dying ; though
How true the tale I could not know.
Such life as dwelt in her, by right,
Could death put, instant, out of sight ?

How many years we spent apart !
How old this aching at my heart !

That morn we met ! I know it well ;
How fair the early sunlight fell
On lawn and terrace, lifted brave
High o'er the sleeping azure wave !
Behind, the stately mansion rose ;
Its secrets locked in grim repose.
How bloomed, those peaceful morning hours,
In sheltered balcony, the flowers !

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

How, like all dazzling gems in one,
Glittered that sea beneath the sun !
How airs, that might have vexed the day,
In softest distance died away !

How hints would come, in pausing note,
Of sea-girt mariners afloat !
How zephyrs, from some far-off shore
Would round them nameless fragrance pour !
How sent the bird, unfaltering, there
His song into the upper air !
How earth and sky, and wave and beam,
Made all the world one fairy dream,
With hope, youth, joy, enchantment rife ;
Might I not feel in love with life ?

Ah, yes ! I joyed in Nature's lore ;
But knew—there wanted something more.

That came. A figure passed me by
As, leaning from the balcony,
Seaward I looked. A figure slight,
With unheard step, and eyes of night.
Though fixed and far my gaze was bent,
I knew that something came and went.
Retracing swift her noiseless ways—
I turned ; the sunlight drooped to haze—
And our eyes met—in a long gaze.

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

A long gaze ! The first is past ;
There must be thousands ere the last !
Describe her ! Words, thus coldly dealt,
To paint what is not seen, but felt !
Or—could a painter fix the dyes
That hover betwixt earth and skies ?

She was my focus ; in one blaze
Drew all my scattered spirit-rays.

Life dwelt within her ; life so keen
And quick, naught else could intervene.
She with you, breathing earthly breath,
There was no room for thoughts of death !

One moment I describe—retrace ;
Upon the darkness paint her face !

A brow broad, generous, gentle ; eyes
More deeply black than midnight skies,
Which held so much within those deeps
Where, in its home, the spirit sleeps,
That this strange thought at times I knew—
Those eyes—were they a dream, or true ?
Yet, fancying thus, I need but turn
Where, in their love, could lightnings burn—
Or, where each curve and line was grace,
Look on that sparkling, fairy face—

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

Or list those tones so rich, so sweet,
That made Life's music all complete,
To crush self-torments in their birth,
To know her woman of the earth !
Those eyes—they must be true, for me—
So much I needed them—and thee.

She of my life was star, was queen ;
But ah, what shadows rushed between !

There were long years—I breathed, I felt ;
At times this darkness seemed to melt,
And through its dying mists of strife
Show me a glory as of Life.
But even as I beheld, and knew
All else was false, this only true—
The light would fall, the peace be o'er,
Life's poison hold my life once more.

Past all. Only by God's sweet grace
Now can I meet thee, face to face.

(TO CLARICE.)

Her motto : “ Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.”—PSALM XIX (P. B.)

“ I felt that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would aid me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion, the vulgar mind

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

will ever imagine ground for ridicule ; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation ; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death, for either the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it He must be the root."

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

A spirit, formed of light and flame—
Straight into a dark heart you came.

WHEN first your face I chanced to meet,
I thought, " How fair it is ! How sweet ! "

But nothing then my eyes could see
Of messages it held—for *me*.

Still that face drew me, day by day,
As some fair prospect, far away,
Seen often, and more near, will send
Its beauty with our lives to blend—
And linger by us—to the end.

Yet why say on ? These eyes may trace,
Perhaps no more, O gentle face,
Those lines of beauty and of power
That made thee dearer, hour by hour ;
Perhaps no more into my skies
Shall break the light of those blue eyes—
Yet may I not their deeps forget,
Till all my earthly suns have set.

IN THE INN PARLOR.

(TO CLARICE.)

'TIS an unhomelike, pallid room,
 Yet something strangely fair
Would hold, for me, its midnight gloom—
 A soul was rescued there.
O worldly heart, that lackest faith
 In power thou hast not known !
What could His meaning be, who saith
 “Live not by bread alone” ?

We sit together there—the saint,
 The sinner !—I and she,
Those wondrous eyes, in longing faint,
 Fixed, only, upon me,
Her breath, her presence, o'er me sweeps,
 The silent days are past ;
Thou hast heard me, Lord ! Out of the deeps
 Have I not cried at last ?

IN THE INN PARLOR.

Her eyes looked down into my soul ;
They read the ruin there ;
There was no need to speak—the whole
To that sweet glance was bare.
That glance on mine, these words she said,
To me, of hope bereaved—
“The Lord hates NOTHING He has made ;”
She spake, and I believed.

Since then, there may be soul-distress,
There may be wrestlings sore ;
But the old poison-bitterness
Returneth—nevermore.
Graven on my soul, those words I read,
And in their strength abide ;
Yet—such assurance could I need,
When *thou* wert by my side ?

THE ROOTS OF LIFE.

(WRITTEN FOR CLARICE.)

THY fair, new chamber, Love, I see—
So bright, I had not known ;
But in it thou hast left for me
This crucifix alone.

And by that sign I recognize
That sacred symbol still ;
Thou art mine own beneath the skies,
In happiness or ill.

At times the shadow of thy doom
Falls o'er a smiling land ;
None reach thee in thy living tomb,
For none can understand.

THE ROOTS OF LIFE.

And then a weight men call despair
 Tightens and stops thy breath :
And then God's crystal azure there
 Fades to a mask of death.

And then, Love, I have seen thee lie
 With dust upon thy head,
A ghost beneath the peaceful sky,
 And than the dead more dead.

But is it that *thy* soul could be
 Spurned thus from Love divine ?
Beyond this darkness could I see
 No glorious future shine ?

Ah, Love ! the death-in-life we meet
 To death itself might blind.
Ah, Love ! can any words be sweet
 When Love is not behind ?

Those days are passed for thee, and now
 Thou walkest in the light ;
God left upon thy glorious brow
 No scars to tell of fight.

THE ROOTS OF LIFE.

Only thou hast at times a gaze
His chosen ones must wear,
Telling, for those who look, of days
Saved in the deeps of prayer.

But here thou art, and in thy hand
My own—the strife is o'er ;
And the sweet crucifix must stand
Between us evermore.

And words like these seem hovering near,
By wrath and tempest nursed :
“Love thou thy God, and *dare* not fear,
Because He loved thee first.”

AT THE END.

(WRITTEN FOR CLARICE.)

"I saw, also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death ;
but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the
ocean of darkness. In that, also, I saw the infinite love of
God."

—GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

THIS, not that, is true, mine own ;
True—far beyond these sighs ;
Just as I see not eyes alone
Looking from out thine eyes.

Just as I hear not issuing words
From out those lips serene ;
Instead—the truth of flashing swords
Such as might guard a queen.

There is a spirit-radiancy
That sight must all forego ;
It is not thy mortality
Thyself that makes me know.

AT THE END.

Thus, when all hopes but mockery seem,
 All shadows one—Despair ;
Thyself, the Real within a dream,
 Flashest upon me there ;

And, whatsoever light or grace
 May yet be mine, I see
No sweeter memory than that face,
 God's loving thought for me !

The days depart ; the black waves rise
 About life's barren strand ;
There is no freshness in the skies,
 No greenness on the land.

But God looks on ; His hand is there,
 Where nought but chaos seems ;
He brings, from discords of despair,
 The music of our dreams.

And now, look close ! the black waves creep,
 Lessening their noisome strife ;
And *other* waters o'er them sweep,
 Bearing the hues of life.

These triumph, and not those ! We see
 The olive-branch, the dove ;
Not Death, but Life, our destiny ;
 Not Hate at last, but Love.



ELMIRE'S PORTRAIT.

Elmire de Gaspé, wife, and for some years relict, of the late Chief Justice Sir Andrew Stuart, of Quebec. This lady, rarely beautiful in person and mind, possessed, besides these endowments, traits of character so varied, lofty and interesting, that those who knew her best, best understood the difficulty of giving an 'adequate presentment of such a subject. This is only an attempt.

HER eyes were deep, her face serene ;
The presence of a crownéd queen
Was hers ; with every word she spake
A beauty over life would break.
No meaner thoughts could live, that you
Once brought before that earnest view ;
Despair was not, beneath the skies,
When you had looked into her eyes.
The petty things, the common ways,
That fill so much of all our days,
Were not the same, methinks, to her ;
The pulses of her life would stir
With larger meanings, loftier powers ;
Her soul stood nearer home than ours.
The strength one mortal life may hold,
Can it by word or pen be told ?

ELMIRE'S PORTRAIT.

SEQUEL.

(*Many Years After.*)

All is past ; Earth's sounds of strife,
Shadows of fear or foes ;
The treasured, gentle woman's life
Has found its gentle close.
The earth is poorer, drearier now
That that sweet sun is set ;
The love-light quenched beneath the brow
We never can forget.
In visions fair we watch thee stand
Glad on the Eternal shore,
But the royal heart, the royal hand,
Can help us here no more.
O treasured one ! remorseful love
Pictures thy smile serene,
The tenderest mortal lips could move,
The fittest for a Queen :
Recalls the words those lips would part,
Their maxims true and wise ;
Recalls that loftiest mother-heart,
The home of Sacrifice ;
Recalls, O humble Christian, still
That crowning memory sweet,
Of a pure life, self-conquering will,
Laid at the Master's feet.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

(CLARICE AND ISABEL.)

"I will permit the reader to picture me for the next few years, as a bark slumbering through halcyon weather, in a harbor still as glass, the steersman stretched on the little deck, his face upturned to Heaven, his eyes closed ; buried, if you will, in a long prayer. . . . However, it cannot be concealed that in that case I must somehow have fallen overboard, or that there must have been wreck at last. I too well remember a time—a long time of cold, of danger, of contention. . . . I even know there was a storm, and that not of one hour or one day. For many days and nights, neither sun nor stars appeared ; we cast with our own hands the tackling out of the ship ; a heavy tempest lay on us ; all hope that we should be saved was taken away. In fine, the ship was lost, the crew perished."—"VILLETTE," CHAP. IV.

I. CLARICE.

FAIR friend, whose softest eyes, intent,
Such witchery o'er me cast ;
Thou ask'st me, then, how I have spent
Those days of absence—past ?

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

Those eyes—I *shall* not let them keep
 My actual presence nigh ;
Nor with their radiant rangings sweep
 The cold Reality.

Yet—such their mercy and their power—
 Half would I let them know
This history, in some deepest hour
 Of love for all below.

* * * * *

Take up the riddle of my life :
 Where thy resemblance shone,
With all sweet hopes and meanings rise,
 See vacancy alone.

Bound to some port I needs must be ;
 It matters little where ;
Behold me, then, on a calm sea
 Whose waters are Despair.

Yet naught affects it this that I,
 Serene, perhaps, and bland,
Should watch my vessel quietly
 Leave out of sight the land ;

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

Like Egypt's love, I may recline
On couches soft and deep,
And breathe the happiest airs divine
In simulated sleep ;

Or list the deep-voiced sailors' song,
While rough but faithful hands
Prepare my ship for voyage long
Among the unknown lands.

Not even a cloudlet floats, to speck
The blue and dreamy air ;
The steersman lies upon the deck,
Buried, perhaps, in prayer.

* * * * *

This Lethean quiet ! Must it cease ?
Balm for the heart opprest ?
Ah ! Is it, then, a conquered peace,
Or but deceitful rest ?

Fast drew that season to its close ;
As, by some careless word—
Dropped suddenly from its repose—
We know the heart is stirred ;

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

So, when I heard a dreary sound
 Low muttering far away,
I knew the tempest was unbound,
 Ready to meet its prey.

I knew—I shuddered. With earth's woe
 Must earth's frail hearts despond ;
What will be, will be ; this we know ;
 Why seek to pierce beyond ?

I waited, reckless half, in thought,
 If that sea were my grave.
Waited—while, rising, round me wrought
 The powers of wind and wave.

Strange deeps in Life, in Nature, form
 Before the expectant eye ;
Not for one hour, nor day, that storm
 Might rave beneath that sky.

Nothing foreboded lip to lip ;
 Even closer human bands ;
There were firm hearts within that ship,
 And strong and faithful hands.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

Yet, to my thought, it seemed to be
In that drear dark unknown
When th' others drew so close, for me
Marked out to stand alone.

I cried unto the winds and waves ;
Methought their sole reply
Was but to uprear their ink-black caves
Against the angry sky.

Nor sun, nor stars ! but, worst of all,
The bitterest I could prove,
This thought : God's power had let me fall
From His, and human, love.

The storm's force lessening not, at last
With our own trembling hands
Out of the ship we tackling cast—
And on for unknown lands.

All elements in Earth or Heaven
Seemed in that hour to meet ;
Dreamed I, from out that ruptured levin,
Fell on us radiance sweet !

THE VOYAGE OF THE “PETREL.”

But O my heart ! how mayst thou show
The horror, the despair ?
It was in that hour thou said’st “ My woe
Is more than I can bear.”

But did God leave thee comfortless,
This cup of doom to fill ?
Unknown to thee, in storm and stress,
HIS ARM upheld thee still.

But oh, it was so dark, so deep !
No help, no comfort near !
Tossed on such waves might I not sleep
Without a hope or fear ?

The winds and waves some secret tell,
Through all their leagues of grey ;
Was it this, then—or a sweet love-spell—
That tore Death’s clutch away ?

* * * * *

II. ISABEL.

I slept, and woke. The world was fair ;
Soft sunbeams round me shone ;
The wreck beneath me floated bare,
And I alone, alone.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

A million jewels seemed to melt
Where might have been my tomb ;
Land rose so near, methought I felt
The freshness of its bloom.

Radiance was all around me thrown,
And subtle odors sweet.
But it was I ; I was still alone—
All comfort incomplete.

The laden orange-boughs beneath
One stepped, whose gentle eyes
In tender darkness seemed to sheathe
A light from Paradise.

Even as I looked, my shattered wreck
Drew nearer to the strand,
And from the engulphing, spar-strewn deck
I leaped—to seize her hand.

* * * * *

And we were friends, and walked below
The spreading branches high,
Just as, in youth, I had seemed to know
Some vision of the sky.

THE VOYAGE OF THE “PETREL.”

But this was real—and real to me
 Her love serene and fair.
Must not all being come to be
 Dissolved in grateful prayer?

Ah, Love!—why mourn the past, when Hate
 Flew far, in wrath and pain?
Ah, Love!—what matter if, though late,
 We lean on Love again?

How strangely now I felt it true,
 What sweet lips once had said;
Think NOT God has forgotten you,
 And Satan’s hosts are fled.

He has *not* forgotten! I have won
 More than I dare receive.
He has *not* forgotten!—And His Son?
 At last I can believe.

He has taken me from out my doom,
 Set me in peace and might;
This earth I looked to have been my tomb
 Becomes again delight.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PETREL."

After long, poisonous anguish dumb,
 Love came and set me free.
And—I awoke. There was Death for some,
 But there was Life for me.

There are hushed and darkling mysteries still
 Through worlds we dare not sound ;
But God all waiting hearts can fill
 From His own depths profound.

This story of my voyage is true ;
 To all who prosper, known.
In fine, the ship was lost, the crew
 Perished, save I alone.

THE GRAVE OF FENICE.

Miranda Metcalfe Aldis, second daughter of the late Hon. Judge Aldis, of St. Albans, Vermont, and afterwards of Washington, D.C. Though called away on the very threshold of life—at the age of sixteen—this young girl's gifts of mind and heart will, by those who had the privilege of knowing her, never be forgotten.

SHE rests, then ! Solemn be that rest—
After life's fever, sleep !
That heart, with passionate hopes oppressed,
With longings strange and deep,
Has found its quiet. O'er her here
How soft the grasses wave !
O stranger ! Bring thy hope, thy fear,
Not unto this fair grave !

She who rests here—I cannot see
One touch of nature fled !
Ever, in lingering thought, to me
She lives—she is not dead !
It is as though, by some strange chance,
Wandering, with spirit sore,
I might behold that upward glance—
Fenice ! mine once more !



THE GRAVE OF FENICE.

Sixteen ! Those years when some have told
They are but children still ;
Life's deeps, as yet, may not unfold,
The slumbering heart to thrill ;
But she, when dropt God's sudden call
Into her youthful sky,
It was as she had known the All,
And now—could only die !

The All ! But she had known a youth
Rich with imperial hours ;
Steeped in a natural girlish truth,
Balmy with breath of flowers ;
Life said, in accents that seemed true,
“ My child ! I give thee days
To wind, 'neath skies of deepest blue,
Only in radiant ways.”

She listened, she believed ; her ear
Could but such promise greet ;
Nor might a thought intrude, of fear,
Beside its music sweet ;
She walked, as reading a fair tale,
Down some enchanted land :
Sudden the brilliance seemed to fail,
The book fell from her hand !

THE GRAVE OF FENICE.

And she beheld, where Fancy drew
Arcades of glorious bloom,
That, through a mist, her pathway grew
A pathway to the tomb !
That gentle spirit, warmed and cheered
By all it met below,
Was doomed. What then she felt or feared
I do not seek to know.

But this I know—that here, serene,
Safe from the world's cold breath,
My fair Fenice lies, a queen,
Sleeping the sleep of death !
The pale hands crossed ; I know, e'en yet
In thought, their touch benign ;
And closed the eyes which never met,
With aught but sweetness, mine !

We were together once, in truth ;
Our souls together ; still
Those so departed days of youth
Come back, one heart to thrill ;
But now a wanderer I must be,
Bound on some wayward quest,
While, set so far apart from me,
She lies in holy rest.

In Foreign Lands.

TO MY SISTER OF THE SACRED HEART.

(*Trinita dei Monti, Rome, February, 1871.*)

MY Sister! In your thoughts of me
Trust not these mortal sighs.
Press on my heart your hand, and see
The longing in my eyes!
How many a picture Fancy drew
In the proud days of yore,
Vanished in blackness as she knew
Her suns could shine no more!
Into the dust her life she flung,
Its bloom to ashes passed,
But from those ashes, Sister, sprung
A flower more sweet at last.

I hold, in my heart's treasury,
That lovely heart of yours!
I wonder, in your thoughts of me,
If the same spell endures!

TO MY SISTER OF THE SACRED HEART.

I wonder, in the quietness
That fills your lofty days,
Through those calm hours, when they suppress
Their *outward* prayer and praise,
I wonder—nay, I wonder not,
O Sister, fair and sweet,
That memory seeks some sacred spot
To worship at your feet !

Perhaps through all we feel of worth
Steals the dissolvent Pain ;
Perhaps, my Sister, not on earth
Are we to meet again ;
But oh, God-cherished, loveliest one,
Who hushed a stranger's sighs,
And gave to view that Mercy's sun
Whose radiance filled her eyes ;
Perhaps, when stilled these notes below,
When passed this earthly shore,
In thee my grateful heart shall know
Christ's image evermore.

CHURCH BELLS IN VENICE.

(SANTA ZACARIA.)

THEY steal me back to other days,
They smooth to youth my brow ;
As through Venetian air I gaze,
They flood the landscape now.

They lift the struggling spirit high
Out of its pains and woe,
And set it near some cloudless sky,
As in the long ago ;

They praise, entreat, complain, adore,
They soothe, and they awake
Sound-waves that strike some holier shore
And the soul's silence break.

Earth's self-reproach and penitence
Seems uttered in their tone ;
Clouds gather round their heights intense,
To mortal eyes unknown.

And still those echoes, rising true,
Earth's deadlier vapors part,
While in the space they leave we view
All that should fill the heart.

AT FIESOLE, NORTHERN ITALY.

(*April, 1871.*)

THE fair, fair hills of Florence gleam
 Around, beside, on high ;
Thy life itself thou feel'st a dream,
 Under such lovely sky !

Upon such fields might well have striven
 Man's old despairs in vain ;
Thou think'st at last, "Here life was given
 For peace—but not for pain!"

* * * *

AT FIESOLE, NORTHERN ITALY.

SEQUEL.

(*In After Years.*)

* * * * *

Mysterious questions ! Evermore,
Along life's way-worn, surf-beat shore,
The problems come that came of yore.
And then in Paradises sweet,
Full of such balm to these tired feet,
As words can never rightly give,
Where 'tis but joy to breathe and live.
As in that fairest land below,
The seat of Empire long ago,
And now of Memory, 'neath whose skies
The doom of Fascination lies.
Nor do we forget the poet, whose breath
(A power evolving life from death)
Thrilled, as he spoke those passionate words
That stir our being's deepest chords—
“Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, ‘Italy.’” *

* Robert Browning.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE TWO STONE FIGURES AT THE NORTH
ENTRANCE OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL (PORTAIL
DES LIBRAIRES), SEPTEMBER, 1871.

FOR ages they have dwelt in stone,
Two mystic figures fair ;
For ages passers-by have known
A fragrance—as of prayer.
How long some tender chisel wrought
To leave those forms of peace !
Even yet the sculptor's pious thought
Its working shall not cease.

* * * * *

TWO STONE FIGURES AT ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Girt round by all the city's din,
The brave cathedral stands ;
A spark of fire, those deeps within,
Dropt down from Heavenly hands ;
It flings the splendor of a dream
Upon th' unlovely street ;
And in its strength all forms supreme,
All holiest symbols, meet.

Yet men in every beauty see
The one last touch divine ;
And for each heart there seems to be
Some special lighted shrine.
Thus, in no other outward nook
So was my spirit bowed,
As where these figures seemed to look
Upon the passing crowd.

They are so sweet ! as they had come
Borne soft through midnight air
To bring some soul, oppressed and dumb
The vision of a prayer ;
Which, in that sudden light set free,
He, who such waiting bore,
Had, after, fixed in stone, to be
An offering evermore.

TWO STONE FIGURES AT RÔUEN CATHEDRAL.

They are so stern ! because they know
 No faintest link with sin ;
Soft figures, fleeing all below
 The Heavenly grace to win ;
And, to my thought, the haloes true,
 That ever round them came,
Turned each heart outward to our view,
 Most different, yet the same.

Clad in monk's robe and cowl is one ;
 Down-bent the waiting eyes ;
His hands are crossed ; his eyes upon
 The earth, not in the skies.
Yet, patient traveller in this clime,
 Loving and loved in strife,
How far beyond these shades of time
 Is lived his truest life !

His is a spirit ; sad, yet true—
 Feeling its weight of sin ;
Ordained, that very anguish through,
 Pardon and peace to win ;
But yet—the Shadow. For the Light,
 In radiant angel guise,
His comrade stands, with eyes of might
 Uplifted to the skies !

TWO STONE FIGURES AT ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Uplifted ! Not a touch of fear
Dwells on that star-like brow ;
If sorrow dimmed those features here,
The stains are vanished now.
How merciful the thought, to abide
Through years of sinful breath,
In homes that *might* be glorified
Thus by the hand of death !

Two products are they, of one root,
These loving figures fair ;
Type of the seed and of the fruit—
Earthly and Heavenly prayer.
One without other might not be ;
Though every cloud should burst
To show us light's intensity,
We need the shadow first.

Many and marvellous years have flown
Since hands, so skilled and blest,
To shape these angel thoughts in stone,
Have crossed themselves in rest ;
The sculptor's soul might seek in vain
His world of hopes and fears,
But yet his message shall remain,
And speak through all the years.

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

Among the many interesting monuments of its past history to be seen in the old Bohemian city of Prague, none is more fascinating to the traveller than a rude circular stone structure, dating, apparently, from the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is commonly called the "Hunger Tower," and, as its too suggestive name implies, those who had specially offended against the laws of the State, civil or religious, were there put to death by starvation. It contains two upper stories, and a dungeon or *oubliette*, into which those condemned to suffer the worst penalty of the law were lowered. The two upper stories contain many little cells, some with rough, unglazed windows barred with iron, and others with a simple niche, or blind window, at the end. In one of these cells, about seven feet by four, many of the stones from this niche are displaced, and lie in confusion with the hardened mortar, showing plainly that some unfortunate captive had made desperate efforts to work through the wall in this direction, and so reach the outer world, from which he must have felt himself so cruelly debarred. The implements he used can only be conjectured. The old cicerone, on being asked what was done with him for thus attempting to escape, shrugged her shoulders and answered indifferently, "Oh, taken out and beheaded next day."



THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

HE stood within his narrow cell,
So narrow, loathsome, dim ;
Was there a God ?—and could these cries—
His creature's—reach to Him ?
He looked into his heart ; 'twas naught
But bitter to the brim.

“ I know,” he thought, “ this morn of June,
Outside, the lindens play ;
The love-birds sing their madrigals,
Soaring from earth away ;
The glorious sun looks down from Heaven
Serene upon the day.”

“ My God !” he said ; not that he thought
There could be such a one,
But that such words break from the lips
When man is most undone,
Even by such instinct as the flowers
Turn with to seek the sun.

He said no more. Goes ever aught
As deep as earth's despair,
Save those two living, dying words,
The briefest, longest prayer ?
My God ! if we believe, He is—
Enough ; our life is there.

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

As in some torpid trance of shame,
Slow went the hours and days ;
Sometimes the sunlight burnt to flame,
Sometimes it sank to haze :
It was the same to him ; his eyes
On stone and darkness gaze.

One night—it was a night when storm
And rain were on the blast—
His hands, cold lying on the stones
O'er which so oft they passed,
Shrunk, as they clutched a nail ; he felt
A flash of joy at last !

He grasped it firm. “ In days of old,
Now dead as leaves that fall,
Earth's pomps and gauds were mine—
those powers
Whose worth we dare not call—
And now this rusty nail shall bear
The palm before them all ! ”

He groped to the blind niche, that turned
Toward the outer air ;
His hands were strung with steel ; he lost,
A moment, his despair ;
And in that moment o'er him came
A thought—that was a prayer.

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

He worked—he toiled. The drops would stand
Like beads upon his brow ;
The tissues of that hapless frame
Such unused toil would bow ;
What mattered it ?—his breath came free,
He had an interest now !

Once, tired, he leaned against the wall ;
It was a summer night ;
(Half guessing how he might have come
From darkness near to light;) ;
The measured sound of church bells came
Piercing that stony might !

Was it he who heard ? The hands fell free,
The heart forgot its fears ;
He in that moment tenderly
Recalled his vanished years ;
And, as he listened, could it be ?
This—that he felt—was tears.

“ I have walked,” he said, “ in such a blur
Of horror and of pain,
I wonder not the bitterness
Has gone into my brain ;
I deemed not God could so be God,
To give such hour again ! ”

* * * * *

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

He saw himself in boyhood's hour
(A radiant, fleeting dream);
The earliest lights of Faith and Love
Fresh on his memory gleam;
He saw fair Ermentrudis walk
By the golden Moldau stream.

“ In retrospect I can recall
God's finger in the past;
I can behold (though I have not long)
His mercy o'er me cast;
Can it be for token of the end
That I know these truths at last?”

He listened to that music still,
With thoughts so sweet and strange!
Upon the breathless dungeon air
There passed a sudden change;
Whence came these sounds?—and whence
these eyes
That o'er him seemed to range?

They noted all; the rusty nail
Fallen down upon the floor;
The misplaced stones, that told the tale
Of hope revived once more;
The prisoner's face, though wan and pale,
Lit by the dreams of yore!

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

Each noted, with triumphal brow ;
For him the die was cast ;
This life of all mysterious woe
Foreknew its conflicts passed.
His days were justly forfeit now
To the outraged laws at last !

“Prisoner,” the eldest said, “you were pent
Here in this narrow room ;
Men well had deemed you penitent—
Hid in such dungeon gloom ;
Now mercy pleads in vain ; you are sent
To-morrow to your doom !”

The door clanged close. The mournful eyes,
Dazed by that cruel light,
Fell back upon their destinies—
The shadow and the night ;
And yet—and yet—not quite the same—
They had known at last their might !

A shiver rustled through his frame ;
A shiver—not of fear ;
His eyes were fixed, yet one might see
Their vision soft and clear;
And yet he crouched upon the ground
As though some foe were near.

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

Was it so to end—the agony
Of that most bitter breath—
The dreams, the aspirings, that must see
How slow Hope perisheth ;
Then the after quiet, that might be,
At last, the spirit's death ?

Earth's battles are forever so
Through all conflicting powers ;
Soil must be tortured ere it show
The summer fruits and flowers ;
No eye but God's could ever know
Of his last earthly hours.

The morn is here ! In sullen file
The guards before the gate
Are gathered ; then, a little while
Below the lindens wait ;
And then they enter, and they stand
To bear him to his fate.

He is led forth then. How does he look,
O men, of women born ?
Fiends might their lesson take from you
Of cruelty and scorn ;
Yet he has little left to bear
Upon this summer morn.

THE PRISONER OF THE HUNGER TOWER.

Still in the courtyard stands a tree,
Lopped, dreary and aghast—
Stands where that prisoner, gagged and bound,
Before the axe was cast—
Where, in God's gentle sunshine, he
From night to morning passed !

* * * * *

What know we more ? The unseen world,
The mystic realms untrod,
The Being that lifts us far above
The creatures of the sod,
“ The world's great altar-stairs that slope
Through darkness up to God ”—

These are the things by which we live,
By which we live and die ;
“ God's reservations ” still must be
Treasures of life put by :
Can the creature to its Maker say,
“ Teach me all things, low and high ? ”

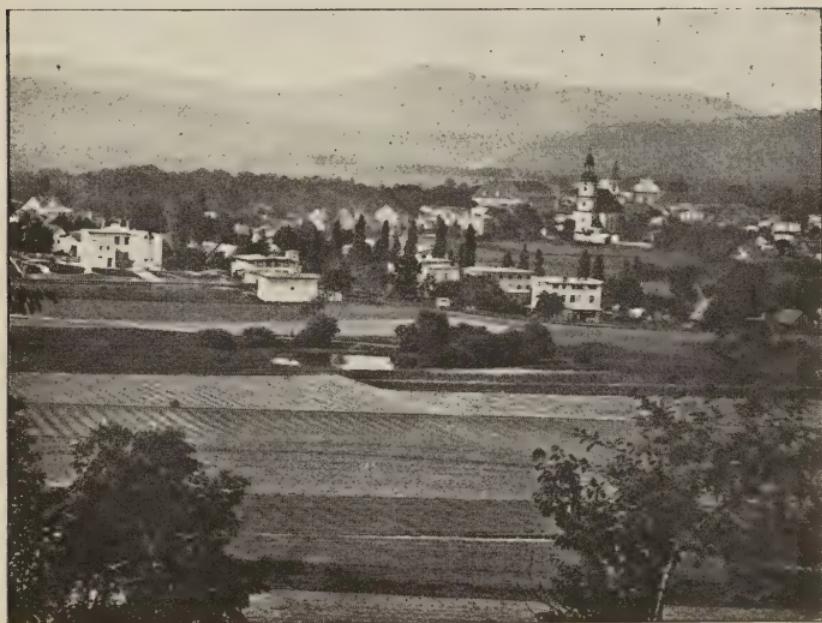
On “ the little less, the little more,”
Blessing or blight attend ;
What power can gauge the hidden deeps
In the sacred name of—Friend ?
Even the true spirits gone before
May help us to the end.

MALA PROIBITA, MALA IN SE.

Record of a walk with a good-natured German gossip, in the environs of Warmbrunn, Prussian Silesia, a watering-place among the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains. The spiritual atmosphere of this and similar walks was unsatisfactory in the extreme, being highly flavored with scandal, backbiting (under a decent varnish of sentimentality)—in a word, *Klatscherei*. Warmbrunn has been called a “*Klatschnest*,” and any traveller conversant with the idioms of the Fatherland understands only too well all that this term imports.

Flesh lies around us everywhere;
God help us in our heart’s despair.

I WALKED within a smiling land.
The mountains stood on either hand,
Strife with their peace to overwhelm,
Fair guardians of a fairer realm.
They drew their outlines, soft and high,
Against the pureness of the sky ;
Their height, their distance, grew to me
Ideals of mystic liberty.



MALA PROIBITA, MALA IN SE.

Valleys and streamlets at their feet
Made the fair picture all complete,
And my soul quieted its sighs
To gaze upon their destinies.

I walked with pleasant comrades there ;
The mountains towered divinely fair ;
The air was balm ; there came to me
A sense of utter misery.
Their talk—what was it ? Heart, o'erthrow
Fair visions of the long ago—
Accept the emptiness of days
That know not yearning, power, or praise ;
Even then thou wilt—not glad—behold
The shutting of the gates of gold—
The poisoning of the radiant thought
That means all meanings Life has wrought—
Sweet Hope's destruction, Satan's reign,
Echoes of madness, violence, pain—
Man's swelling words that, like fierce seas,
Bring shadows o'er God's silences !

But He remembered ! I could see,
When other noontides rose for me.

I walked, then, with a little child ;
His face, his spirit, undefiled ;

MALA PROIBITA, MALA IN SE.

His fancies ranging, wide and true
As those far hills beyond his view ;
His soft, small brain in quietness
Gathering all powers that yet should bless.
He dwelt not with the things of time,
But of th' Eternities sublime—
And Life's Medusa-horrors fell
Before that gentle spectacle.

“ A little child shall lead them ! ” True ;
O my sad heart, was this for *you* ?

Presso dal Fine.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

(RUSSIAN CHURCHYARD AT WIESBADEN.)

Among the many interesting towns scattered along the world-famed Rhine route, Wiesbaden occupies a prominent place. True, it lacks the historical and antiquarian interest possessed by some, but remains the most charming resort possible for health or pleasure-seekers, who visit it annually by hundreds and thousands. One of the special points of interest which sight-seers make a business of visiting is the magnificent Greek chapel on the Neroberg—a prettily wooded hill just outside the city—erected in memory of the Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna, a beautiful Russian princess who died in the flower of her years. The chapel itself is beautiful—the monument, one of the masterpieces of modern sculpture. Connected with the sacred edifice is a small but most picturesque burial-ground. So many Russians of the best families continually visit Wiesbaden that it is not surprising to find many of the monuments indicative of the rank and wealth of their possessors. Many of them are also highly symbolical, bearing sculptured representations of the Lamb with the Cross, and other emblems of our faith. At the time of the writer's last visit to this place, in the autumn of 1884, there had two or three days previously been a light fall of snow, just enough to veil the

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

ground without weighing too heavily upon it. On one of the graves thus whitely draped grew a magnificent rose-bush in fullest bloom. The marvellous contrast between the outward suggestions of death and life thus presented to the eye—the plant, as it were, breathing and blooming—compared with the dead white and black beneath, produced an impression never to be forgotten.

A MYSTIC scene! so quiet, sweet—

The mountain and the graves—
And sacred dust beneath our feet,
Relics the spirit craves !

And then above the monuments,
That symbol life in life,
To mark how here they struck their tents
And wandered from the strife.

The delicate snow lies all around—
So thin and light its sheath,
No weight is cast upon the ground
Or on the forms beneath.

And, ah! from hidden nook we see,
Flushed with their own bright grace,
Red roses, smiling tenderly,
As in the Winter's face.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

So strange and fairy-like the scene
Amid this mortal doom,
Nature's sweet colors, rose and green,
The portal of the tomb.

My heart could but with passionate throes
Dwell on this waiting dust,
And ask, "Is even this green and rose
A symbol of the Just?"

IN MEMORIAM.

(PRIMROSE DAY, 1885.)

MOST noble spirit ! rare and true,
Not fitly cherished here !
Held but this hand one wreath of rue,
One primrose for thy bier !
Thy own faint favorite—spirit born
Of March and April's showers,
Type to us of another morn
In happier spheres than ours !
For many a year shall English eyes,
Noting that golden bloom,
Connect it with thy prophecies,
Recall thee in thy tomb !

Oh, what a life was thine ! how full
Of all experience deep !
Though there were hours so pitiful,
Ere thou might'st “ fall on sleep,”

IN MEMORIAM.

Thy star rose tremulous, lurid, bright,
Aglow with mystic flame—
Thou borest, ready for the fight,
An old and honored name—
Genius thy sphere-like forehead crowned,
Youth urged thy maiden sword—
Thou wouldest fight, on thy own conflict
 ground,
The battles of thy Lord !

* * * * *

Thou hadst thy failings—be it so ;
Around us, anguish, strife,
Is it that we all scathless go
Along our path of life ?
Most generous heart, most lofty mind !
The virtues of thy race,
Methinks, might in thy being find
Their fit abiding place !
All is so lost—we count the years
Since thy last sunbeams set ;
Yet lingers, even below our tears,
One passionate, long regret.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

(FROM HIS DEATH-BED.)

I.

I WAS a child. The earth, the sky,
The long-descending beam,
Made life the all I could not fly,
A riddle and a dream.

Its web above me grew and grew,
Woven in a mystic shroud ;
While my wild heart existence drew
From every flower and cloud.

And if the skies were dim, I brought
My hopes to darkening lands ;
And if the heaven was fair, methought
My spirit clapped her hands.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

O Sun ! O Mother ! thou wert mine
In those fair summers past :
The days I worshipped at thy shrine—
. Hast thou forgot at last ?

It is so much to breathe—to be—
More than all words have told !
My eyes, even through Death's shadow, see
More clearly than of old.

This was my time—that time when I,
Before my days of strife,
Knew not what fate should o'er me lie,
But lived an inward life.

Then quiet Clotho to me came,
And took me by the hand :
A gentle, yet mysterious dame
I could not understand.
And under noontide's deepening flame
She led me through the land.

II.

The days passed on. The shadows deep
Of Life upon me rose.
I had done with fairy tales of sleep—
I had to meet my foes.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

The World, the Flesh, the Devil ! See !
I have known them, each and all ;
If Saint Aloysius had been me,
He had answered to their call.

Yet one thing might have saved me yet—
I asked a perfect friend,
One to reproach not, nor forget,
But love until the end.

God's love, perchance, demands that we
Lean on Him through the strife ;
Such blessing came not then to me—
Snare of our earthly life.

III.

The days passed on. In manhood's prime
All know some radiant hours ;
Are there not also things whose slime
One finds among the flowers ?

Everywhere, everywhere the same ;
Wherever eyes may fall—
Or thought pause—still the hue of shame,
The serpent's trail, o'er all.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

My visions fell before me then—
Fell—for they could not save.
“Deceitful are the hearts of men,
And cruel as the grave.”

“From my youth up Thy terrors, Lord,
I have suffered in my mind.”
When I am gone, be this dread word
The last I leave behind.

* * * * *

He paused—were they death-damps glistening
cold
Upon his marble brow?
Of the lordly power and strength of old
There were no traces now.

There was more than mine could understand
In that deep-eyed, earnest gaze;
And my hand still sought to reach his hand
For the clasp of other days.

Through backward wastes of hope and fear
How Memory pours its tide!
We had comrades been for many a year
And I was at his side.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

O the mystic depth of Friendship's chords,
Long echoing through the Past !
And I feared those mournful, bitter words
Might be for me the last.

But the low breath came back tenderly—
Once more the utterance came ;
O the Gipsy's voice was sweet to me
Like some beloved name.

And the mellow fire burned steadily ;
Its coals were caverns vast,
Within whose depths we could but see
Strange pictures of the past !

He said : “ The Book is at my side,
And earthly hopes are o'er ;
I drift, like a boat upon the tide,
Fast to an unknown shore.”

O the long-past, brilliant Summer suns !
And O, the grass and flowers !
And the Gipsy's blood forever runs
To passion-laden hours.

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

I used to think for me they came—
The changing opal lights,
The hours that wrought the sea to flame,
The halcyon days and nights.

I deemed no spirit so well as mine
Knew Nature's mystic art ;
And I pictured future hours divine—
I, with my broken heart !

And was there love ?—I cannot say :
I know that rays of gold
Streamed for me round some hidden way,
A secret yet untold.

I have stood beside thee, and my hand
By clasp of thine was blest.
Oh, in that hour I touched the strand
Of long-lost Isles of Rest !

Do I seek for Friendship, to atone
For the yearnings of the past ?
Not so—we must stand alone, alone,
Through the struggle to the last !

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

And we seek for earthly friends who strive
 To help as here they know ;
But, GOD !—to have one friend alive
 Above, and not below !

Can the truest friendship more than give
 Of its dearest things and best ?
'Tis through one Sacrifice we live,
 On one Atonement rest.

I judge myself, and my thoughts are dark ;
 But He, whose thoughts are high,
Will not quench the tiniest, feeblest spark
 That burns beneath His eye.

The mercy that bade the Singer rise
 From depths of anguished night—
The mercy that heard Manasseh's cries,
 That King of Evil Might—

That mercy liveth, reigneth now,
 And when our hearts are tried,
Ah, can we not remember how
 One heart was broken beside ?

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

"Smitten of God and cursed;" even so ;
With this thy stress is o'er.
We tread no darker paths below
Than He hath trodden before.

And then, "Why hast Thou, for our gloom
Thus left Thy Father's hall?"
Not for the righteous am I come,
But sinners to recall.

What is Man's thought? The Pharisee,
Serenely passing by,
Pausing but to smile scornfully
On all that meets his eye.

When Man's true spirit is dead within,
Why Life's poor semblance wear?
Where is not consciousness of sin,
What need of sinner's prayer?

HIS thoughts from ours lie far apart,
Beyond these earthly sighs;
"A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord! Thou wilt not despise."

THE GIPSY'S RETROSPECT.

There fell a silence. Leaning still,
I strove some sound to hear,
And in the silence, hushed and chill,
I felt the dawn was near.

I through the silence did not cease
From inward songs of praise ;
For the Gipsy had laid down in peace
The burden of his days.

FOR THE DEAD.

*(In Memory of Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence,
died January 14th, 1892.)*

UP to th' unyielding, iron skies,
 And onward to the strand,
A weight of bitterest winter lies
 Upon the Mother Land !
Pictures of greenness and of flowers,
 The summer's smiles of yore,
Look to us, in these mournful hours,
 Vanished for evermore !

But most of all, the band of steel
 That binds our hearts to-day,
The weight we every moment feel,
 And cannot put away—
The promised gay and glad career,
 Finished before begun !
The nation's youthful hope lies here,
 So set this rising sun !

FOR THE DEAD.

For festive robes a funeral shroud ;
 For life's most brilliant bloom,
Filled with all echoes sweet and proud,
 The trophies of the tomb !
Yet e'en these depths are tender, true,
 All that the heart endears ;
The saddened crowds that meet our view,
 The bride's, the people's tears !

Perhaps 'tis best. There might have been
 Sad and unworthy days—
Echoes of strife disturbed the scene,
 Silenced the people's praise.
Now all is past. We think of thee
 Only as stainless, brave ;
And sweetest spells wake melody
 Above thy early grave !

THE FAIR BRIDEGROOM.

O SWEET, sweet Death ! Thou seem'st to rise
Out of the sunset deep ;
Thou kispest me between the eyes,
To wake me from my sleep.

Life's sleep of woe ! Thou honorest me ;
I rest within thine arms ;
Held in that clasp, I can but see
Thy pity and thy charms.

“ My Heart ! ” thou sayest, “ my Heart ! I
yearned
For thee, in all thy ways :
Saw how, each hour, thy spirit turned
From Earth’s embittered days.

THE FAIR BRIDEGROOM.

“ It mattered not, by land or sea,
 Ever thy sorrows there ;
The peace these hands have kept for thee
 Shall *match* thy long despair.

“ For these slow clouds there shall be skies
 Serene as thy desire ;
For tears that never left thine eyes,
 A vision as of fire.

“ For words that died in agony,
 Triumphant hymns shall wave
Their soft tone-banners, true and free,
 Above thy happy grave.”

SEQUEL.

(*After Many Years.*)

O fool and blind ! that thou shouldst deem
 (Thou in thy careless pride)
Life might be but a fairy’s dream—
 Ignoring aught beside !

Noting the anguish, loss and strife,
 That on this earth we see ;
To dream God’s discipline of Life
 Should stand aside for thee !

THE FAIR BRIDEGROOM.

Thou mayst picture jocund songs of mirth,
Dances on flowery sod—
There was One who walked alone on earth,
Alone the wine-press trod.

O mystery—that we seek not all
That true, unaltering Friend !
O mystery—that our spirits call
For pleasure to the end !

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

DEAF, DUMB, BLIND.

Born 1829; Died 1889.

A LIFE whose hidden mystery
Lies deeper far than tears ;
A life, O Lord ! given back to Thee,
But lived for sixty years !

Through sun and shower, through gleam and shade,
As mortal footsteps wend ;
A life to make men's souls afraid—
But we have seen the end !

* * * * *

A prison ! How we shrink and cower,
And picture poisoning woe,
For those who must, through many an hour,
Its spell of darkness know !

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

But this poor, burdened spirit knew
(Nor bought by guiltiness)
Prison existence through and through
Its bitter pang and stress ;

What landmarks had she in her life
What sudden flutterings near ?
What fairy signs of inward strife ?
What lover's vows to hear ?

Ah, me ! the love that can redeem
Can fill each passionate breast ;
The "Lover of her Soul" supreme
Has ta'en her to His Rest.

MANASSEH.

(*II. Chronicles, Chap. 33.*)

O'ER endless lands our thoughts find scope,
And th' immemorial sea—
God of all pity and all hope,
Give us to rest in Thee !

In grey and mystic years agone,
A monarch on his throne
Met God's commands with wrath and scorn,
Lived but for self alone.

The world around looked fair and sweet,
The world he could but trust ;
He walked with wayward, haughty feet
To fix his power in dust.

For him were warning voices dumb,
And idol altars high ;
The lightning flashes did not come,
And the days drifted by.

MANASSEH.

Even more—the loftiest spirits of good,
Who strove to stay his power,
Bore witness to his lust for blood
In many a martyr hour.*

God is not mocked. The silence stirs ;
The time of grace is past ;
And now the all-fateful messengers
Have reached the king at last.

* * * * *

From days of power and sunniness
Thrust darkling into strife,
Through every anguished pang and stress,
Manasseh woke to life.

Trailed in the dust, no succor nigh,
Around him darkness, fear,
Mourned he at last, “ If I might die,
Or if—the Lord would hear ! ”

* * * * *

The dust of many centuries folds
Around that distant day ;
The all-radiant lesson that it holds
We may not cast away.

* See Appendix, Note B.

A BRAVE LADY.

(MADAME ALFRED DREYFUS, 1894-1899.)

TRUE heart ! Life's shadows come and go ;
(Dark shadows o'er thee rest) ;
But in thy love and in thy woe
Alike thou must be blest :
For comfort o'er those souls must sweep
Through years of misery,
Who love and tenderness can keep
As in the days gone by !

A maid most rarely beautiful
Thou wast, and true and sweet,
When first a heart's devotion full
Was lavished at thy feet !
And when that love thou didst return
With youth's divinest trust,
Ah, me ! what happiest fires may burn,
And yet die down to dust !

A BRAVE LADY.

Thine has not died—through strife and sin,
 Malice of leaguered foes,
Thy constancy its way would win,
 Thy spirit firmer rose.
All Satan's power thou hast repelled,
 And only kept in view
That which thy love-dreams first beheld,
 The honored and the true !

Whate'er the end, O woman fair !
 Whether at last may break
The light of hope above despair,
 Or even for thy sweet sake—
One truth is clear—God's gracious sign,
 Till our last suns have set—
This love and constancy of thine
 Shall be remembered yet !

MAB.

Only and beloved daughter and youngest child of Henry Clarke, Esq., of Bedford, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. This dear child, who left this world for a better at the early age of 9 years and 12 days, was gifted by Nature with manners so unusually gracious and sweet, and a heart so warm, as to win the affections of all with whom she came in contact, and leave behind her the most fragrant of memories.

A SUNBEAM on a darkening plain,
Flower on a snow-cliff's brow ;
Such in this world of toil and pain,
O dearest Mab, wert thou !

I look back, back upon the days—
The days so few, so sweet—
When I, too, walked along the ways
Trod by those childish feet.



MAB.

All was so little, yet so much !
A presence light and fair—
An earnest look, a finger-touch,
A gleam of golden hair.

It was a hidden, magic time
Outside the gates of strife ;
A glimpse of Heavenly love sublime
Shed on this pilgrim life.

Dear Mab ! I run my mournful race ;
My heart would almost say :
“ Plead for me at the throne of grace
As in that vanished day ! ”

But no—ah, no ! The tenderest tone
That earthly love could give
Shows naught beside His love unknown
Who died that we might live.

Sweet Mab ! thy little force was spent
In journeying to the tomb ;
Thou wert not given to us, but lent—
A bud that might not bloom !

God’s mercy tempers, full and free,
The burdens that we bear ;
Thou com’st not back to us, but we
May live to meet thee there !

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT TO HIS LADY.

(DREAM-LIFE.)

Away, away ! It is not I
(As in days of happier breath)
Who every moment seem to die,
Breathing this air of death !

Not so—yet God is merciful,
And there are blessed hours
When, through this trance of anguish dull,
Pierces the scent of flowers ;

And o'er long terraces I rove,
Where I have walked my last—
Dream-splendors come to me, my love,
As sweet as in the past !



MANITOBA.

BEFORE THE CONFLICT—1895.

Every Canadian reader conversant with the history of his own country will recognize the reference in these lines to the well-known “School Question” in Manitoban politics, covering the years 1895–97.

A HOLY fire expands thy breast,
Its passion lights thy brow ;
Brave land ! If e'er thou wouldest be blest,
Keep to this firmness now !
Slaves are we not, to crouch and creep,
When evil powers are met ;
Ah, God be thanked ! the heart can leap—
We have a Country yet.

Life is not much when manhood wanes
And self-respect is dead ;
There is many and many a sin that chains
The living to the dead.
In every heart, in each career,
Some conflict there must be ;
God gives to generous spirits here
The happiest destiny.

MANITOBA.

All strength be thine, fair Western land !
 May hope and victory meet—
Uplift thy power on every hand
 Bring blessings to thy feet !
For the world's glance will follow thee
 With longing and with tears ;
Thou bear'st the banner of the free,
 To consecrate the years.

AFTER—1897.

Benign, blest country ! Thou shalt lead
 The van of hope and power ;
All who have helped thee in thy need,
 Rejoice in triumph's hour.
The smile of bright Prosperity
 Rest on thy hills and plains,
And the strong touch of Liberty
 Pour life into thy veins !

Mysterious world ! the clouds of fear
 Are lowering on thy brow ;
Spirits of evil, far and near,
 Lean from their watch-tower now.
But GOD reigns yet ; His message throws
 Noon on our darkest night.
What punishment is meet for those
 Who keep it from our sight ?

A QUESTION.

IF thy life were bound up utterly
In some other life—so, walking free
Through the deserts of mortality—

Ah me! how the wise Apostle saith
(With his calming power, like the night-wind's
breath),
Would it be, at last, for life or death?

IN THE SHADOWS.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT REVEREND J. C. RYLE, D.D.
LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

ALAS, my heart ! look where we will,
Upon delights or woes,
Life is a mystery, deepening still
From birth-hour to its close.

Our looks strive upward, but they fall,
'Twixt longing and despair ;
Night's mantle darkens over all,
And lo—the end is there !

* * * * *

For the good that thou hast brought to me,
Amidst my hopes and fears,
May the LORD requite it unto thee
Through all thy gracious years !

IN THE SHADOWS.

I was not the only one, I know,
But my heart was racked so sore—
Methought there were few indeed below
To need thy comfort more !

The heart and flesh go ever down—
Downward to meet the sod :
But the soul thou liftest to its crown,
Communion with its God !

IN MEMORIAM.

H. S. P.

“Her mirth the world required ;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired—
And now they let her be.”

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A SPIRIT as sweet, beneath the skies,
As e'er drew mortal breath ;
A fair, bright spirit—in her eyes
The look of early death !

O the cold, indifferent hearts that move
Along life’s common ways !
But with thee, O sweetest ! there was Love,
Its tenderest blame and praise.

IN MEMORIAM.

And such wondrous graces, rare and free,
Were gathered to our sight,
Thou seemest, in my memory,
A gift of flame and light !

O we wander, borne by many a breeze,
From many a distant strand ;
And I voyaged lonely, over seas—
My life was in my hand.

That desolate life, despairing, dull,
Caught fire from thy sweet breath ;
Thou, young, beloved and beautiful—
And I—to see thy death !

* * * * *

But thou hast a happier home than this,
Poor child of light and love !
A home of righteousness and bliss,
In the fair fields above.

The storm of life is past for thee,
Vanished its grief and care ;
Thou art in the haven where thou wouldest be,
Hast met thy Saviour there.

FRAGMENTS

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

DEATH is the night, so cool and free ;
Our life the sultry day ;
Already fades its light for me ;
I am weary of the way.

Above my bed a tree grows near ;
There sings the nightingale ;
She only sings of love ; I hear,
Even in my dreams, her tale.

II.

I wept once in my sleep ; I thought
Thou wast laid within the grave ;
I woke, and that dark dream had brought
Salt tears my cheeks to lave.

FRAGMENTS FROM HEINE.

I wept once in my sleep ; I dreamed
Thou hadst forsaken me ;
I woke, the mournful torrents streamed
Yet long and bitterly.

I wept once in my sleep ; I dreamed
Thou still to me wast good ;
I woke, and yet forever streamed
My passionate weeping's flood.

LAI.

Lais were the lyric poetry of the old French poets, who were imitated by some amongst the English. They were principally used on melancholy subjects, and are said to have been formed on the model of the trochaic verses of the Greek and Latin tragedies. Père Mourguy gives us a pleasing instance of one of these ancient lais, in his “Treatise of French Poetry”:

SUR l'appuis du monde
Que faut il qu'on fonde?
D'espoir?
Cette mer profonde
En débris feconde
Fait voir
Calme au matin, l'onde
Et l'orage y gronde
Le soir.

LAI.

TRANSLATION.

In the world's faiths—uncertain, blind—
What is the trust our hearts may find
Hope's dream of light ?—
That dim, profound, and treacherous sea,
Fruitful in wrecks and woes to be,
Gives to our sight,
Seems calm at morn—where surging wave
And hurrying tempests howl and rave—
Ere sinks the night !

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—“WITH THE HUNT” (p. 42).—I can lay no claim to this exquisite little lyric. It is by the late Charles Lever, and has been set to music.

NOTE B.—“MANASSEH” (p. 170).—All the chroniclers of this far-off time agree in dwelling on the sanguinary character of Manasseh’s reign—that is, the earlier, godless part. Among the many who fell victims to a savage and idolatrous *régime*, the most distinguished was probably the prophet Isaiah. Tradition brings out with peculiar emphasis the ghastly detail of his having been sawn asunder with a wooden saw.

